

THE
G I R L
OF THE
MOUNTAINS.

A NOVEL,
IN FOUR VOLUMES,
BY MRS. PARSONS,
AUTHOR OF WOMEN AS THEY ARE, &c.

A noble Spirit acquires new Strength from Adversity.—The Mind
is not to be *subdued* by the Vicissitudes of Life, though its feelings
may be wounded by the unjust Persecution of the World.

VOL. I.



PRINTED FOR WILLIAM LANE,

AT THE

Minerva-Press,

LEADENHALL-STREET.

M DCC XCVII.

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MONUMENTAL

BY MRS. J. P. COLE

WITH A HISTORY OF THE MONUMENTS

A new and complete edition of the Monumental History of the City of London, as far as the same is now known, with a description of the same, and a list of the names of the persons who have been buried in the same.

VOL. I.

PRINTED FOR J. P. COLE

AT THE

PRINTING OFFICE

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LONDON



THE FOLLOWING WORK IS INSCRIBED WITH
THE MOST PROFOUND RESPECT,

AND THE

WARMEST ADMIRATION OF VIRTUES AND ACCOMPLISH-
MENTS, TOO DISTINGUISHED FOR THE FEEBLE PEN OF
THE AUTHOR TO DELINEATE,

TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA MATILDA
OF GLOUCESTER,

BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

MOST DEVOTED,

AND MOST OBEIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

ELIZ. PARSONS.

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THE sun had slowly descended behind the mountain tops; its bright tints were yet glowing in the horizon; the birds were retiring to their leafy habitations, and a calm tranquillity seemed diffused over the face of nature, undisturbed but by the tinkling of the shepherd's bell, and the faint sound of distant waters.

VOL. I.

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The solemn stillness, and approaching night, invited the melancholy inmate of a lowly cottage, encompassed by high and sheltering trees, and seated at the foot of a lofty mountain, to take his accustomed evening's walk. 'Twas now the hour for meditation; here he could ruminate on past afflictions; indulge despair, and chide the lingering hand of death, so distant to his wishes.

Lost in painful retrospections, he wandered round the mountain, heedless of the close of day, 'till he could no longer discern the path before him. Starting from his reverie, he beheld "darkness visible." A few silvery stars bespangled the sky, which were sometimes enveloped by heavy clouds, portentous of a rising storm. He endeavoured to retrace his former steps, but he had wandered from the beaten path; and the faint twinkling of the stars that now and then emerged from behind the clouds, rather confused, than guided him on his way. Weary and spiritless,



less, he would have quietly seated himself on the side of the mountain, fearless of danger, had not the idea of his loved Adelaide started to his mind, wretched and distressed at the unusual absence of her father. "My child!" exclaimed he, quickening his pace, "my child will be distracted!" But in vain he sought to hasten to his humble dwelling; the dark clouds now rolled heavily over his head, and entirely obscured the sparkling suns of other worlds: not a single object could he distinguish to direct his steps: cheerless, and uncertain of his road, he wandered on, calling on his Adelaide, and blaming his own thoughtless inattention.

Mr. Dupont, the name of this benighted man, had been that day more than commonly gloomy and dejected; it was the birth-day of a dear and much regretted wife; it had recalled scenes to his remembrance, that struck horror to his mind, and when evening appeared, he gladly stole from his beloved daughter, to indulge in melancholy reflections

tions alone, that she might escape the contagion of his sorrows. It was this oppressive sorrow that had so absorbed all thoughts of time and distance, that darkness stole on him unperceived, and he scarcely recollected the direction he had taken.

Now, his Adelaide swam before his sight in agonies of suspense and terror ; alone, unprotected and unhappy ; how great was his anguish, for having given to her this causeless distress, by his heedless ramble in unfrequented paths, on a dark night, such as in the month of October often succeeds a smiling day.

He walked on, he knew not whither, till at length he thought a glimmering light seemed now and then to appear on his left hand ; he stopped for a moment ; and as the trees now thinly clothed with foilage, were bent here and there by the sudden gusts of wind, he distinctly perceived a faint light, more like a star, than proceeding from an habitation ;

habitation; yet it gave a ray of hope to his mind, and he cautiously turned his steps to that direction. As he advanced, he struck himself several times against the trees, and was convinced that he was entering on some part of a wood which lay at a good distance from the spot he resided in, and terminated at the foot of a high mountain. Still he beheld the star-like appearance, but it was so faint, and so often seemed to vary, that he began to fear it was an ignis fatuus to mislead him, without reflecting, that creeping in the dark, it was his own wandering that changed the appearance of the luminary. At length he saw it more plainly, and gained upon it; sensible of this, he proceeded with fresh alacrity, till he found himself close to some building, but of what kind he could not distinguish, though a stream of light issued from a window above.

He groped and found a door; for a moment he stood suspended; it might be the retreat of a gang of banditti; he listened, he

heard the sound of a voice as if reading; afraid even to breathe, he crept by the wall directly under the window, and then it seemed as if the person was at prayer.

The storm which had long been gathering, now burst forth with violence, a heavy rain; and the wind whistling hollow through the trees, convinced him he had no time to lose in seeking some shelter from the inclemency of the weather. Once more he returned to the door, and with a palpitating heart, knocked gently twice.

Presently a voice demanded "Who was there?"—"A friend, and a benighted wanderer," answered he. The door was immediately unbolted; a man dressed like a monk, with a long beard, stood before him, a lamp in his hand. "Enter son and welcome," said he, "seldom has a stranger crossed this threshold." He said no more, but led the way up a few stairs into a room, from whence Dupont had seen the light thro'
a very

a very small casement. The Monk courteously gave him his own stool, and drew a small form for himself. He stirred up the fire, and offered his guest a glass of liquor.

Dupont, who had given a cursory look on all around him with some surprise, very readily accepted the offer, for fatigued and unhappy, his spirits and strength were nearly exhausted. When he had taken the cordial, they seemed to view each other with much curiosity. "I thank you father for this kindness, but if you can direct me the nearest path to the south side of this chain of mountains, which lays towards the sea, I will encounter the severity of the weather, rather than leave my poor child a prey to the most frightful apprehensions."

"You have a child then; and you live on the other side of these mountains? Is there any village or hamlet near these frightful hills?"

"Not very near," replied Dupont; "I dwell in a small hut very inferior to your's, but more pleasantly situated; there appears to be a similarity in our fortune, for I do not suppose *you* were born to live in these mountains, though the order you profess naturally leads to retirement; yet a monastery must surely be far preferable to this remote unsocial place."

"I believe so," returned the Monk, "and therefore 'tis that I have fixed my residence *here*. I am professedly of no order; I wear this habit to secure me from the depredations or ill treatment of banditti, which sometimes infest these hills. For some years I have lived a life of solitude; at first a life of necessity, but now the object of my choice. I fled to it as a refuge from the cold compassion, the ingratitude of friends, whom I have obliged at the expence of my fortune, from the pressure of wants, and from the contempt of the world."

"Gracious

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed Dupont, "then I am not a singular instance, nor a solitary sufferer, to the baseness and falsehood of mankind!"

"Singular!" cried the Monk, shaking his reverend locks, "no, the case is but too common; yet *you* are young to have known the degeneracy of the world from painful conviction. Moralists talk of it, and gownmen preach against it; but experience alone fixes the sad truth in our bosoms, that the semblance of virtue imposes upon the unsuspecting mind, and that to guard against the duplicity of appearances, we must generally pay dear for the acquired wisdom, and that caution so necessary in an intercourse with the world."

"Your observation is but too just," replied Dupont, "but at present I have no time for conversation, though I feel much interested, from the hints you have given of your situation. I am eager to return to my child; every moment of delay is misery,

B 5 therefore,

therefore, good sir, give me some clue' to direct my steps through the wood this dark night; perhaps we may meet again; at least if it is not your fault we may."

"I am greatly concerned," answered the Monk, "that I cannot afford you the satisfaction you wish for; I am really entirely unacquainted with the paths of the wood, or the other side of the mountain; to attempt your way now will be dangerous; you may be entangled in the trees, or wander still farther from your home. This place is the boundary of my travels; not from want of curiosity to explore this wild mountainous spot of earth, but because that curiosity is repressed by my inability to gratify it." Saying this, he threw open his long cloak and discovered a wooden leg:

Dupont, who listened to him with evident impatience, exclaimed, "Whatever is the consequence, I must endeavour to retrace my

my way home, my Adelaide will be distracted."

"Indeed," said the Monk, interrupting him, "the attempt may be fruitless, and certainly attended with difficulty and danger; however great may be the distress of your daughter, what she may endure for two or three hours, bears no proportion to the disasters you are likely to encounter, and which may involve her in eternal sorrow—be advised, in less than three hours the moon will rise, and that friendly luminary will enable you to direct your steps with safety."

Dupont felt the full force of these observations, and however great his impatience, and distressing his anxiety, he was compelled to accede with the desire of the Monk, and remain with him till the queen of night should appear to guide his search, in recovering the road he had so unfortunately lost. His anguish was inexpressible, and though at any other time his curiosity would have been

warmly excited to have known the Monk's story, so entirely were his thoughts absorbed in reflecting on the situation of his Adelaide, that he sat for some time stupid, and seemingly inattentive to every thing,

The Monk, however, the violence of whose passions, injuries and resentments, time had moderated, though not subdued; whom reading and reflection had taught, that among the vast multitude which inhabit the earth, numberless are the wretches devoid of principle and integrity, crafty, subtle and designing, who prey upon the honest, undesigning man; and that the wrongs which he had suffered, were retailed in various shapes among thousands and ten thousands of literal honest minds, unprejudiced and unhackneyed in the falsehood of mankind. This man, though no longer agitated by tumultuous passions, felt the spirit of curiosity in its full force, and hurt by the taciturnity of Dupont, observed,

“ It

"It is useless, my friend, to rack your breast with picturing to your eye the distress of your child, which a few short hours will entirely remove; rather seek to diversify your ideas, and if there is no impropriety in the communication, oblige me by a relation of those events which have driven you to this solitude. 'Tis now twenty-eight years that I have resided here, and I am as much detached from any knowledge of the world, as if I was no longer an inhabitant of it. I have not seen twenty persons in so many years, and those have been rude, unpolished people, as ignorant as myself."

"And those were enviable beings," replied Dupont, "they were innocent and happy—'tis a knowledge of the world that makes men wicked and miserable. I cannot now enter into a detail of misfortunes, that on this day have returned with double aggravation to my mind. I fear for my Adelaide, and that apprehension disqualifies me from
being

being a narrator of events that torture me to think of."

"Tell me only," said the Monk, "is your secession from society the effect of necessity or inclination? Do you wish, or expect to return once more into the busy world?"

"Compulsatory measures first drove me from those scenes of tumult, intrigue and falsehood that abound in capital cities; where shameless guilt is sanctioned by the name of fashion; where every moment the gay and thoughtless victim dances on the edge of a precipice, and unwarily plunges into a gulph, where his best hopes are buried for ever. *Hope* to return into the world! No, I have done with it; my happiness is entombed in the grave; and did not my Adelaide exist, I would soon retire to some peaceful cell, where all remembrance but of one dear object, might cease for ever."

"There

“There appears to be a similarity in our situations,” returned the Monk, “that engages my regard, and unlocks my heart; since you will not, or cannot, oblige me with a recital of *your* misfortunes, listen to the story of mine, it will beguile the time, and divert your attention from more unpleasant subjects.”

Dupont bowed his head, as if he would be thankful and attentive; but had not the Monk been eager to indulge the garrulity of age, and a desire to profit by an opportunity that seldom occurred, of talking, he must have seen that his guest was too much absorbed in his own reflections, to feel any great interest for him at that time; though he found his attention insensibly engaged as the Monk proceeded. He began his narrative in the following words.

THE STORY OF THE MONK.

“When Lewis the eleventh died, he left his daughter Ann, Lady of Beaujeu, governess

ness of the kingdom for her brother Charles ; in prejudice to the Duke of Orleans, who was then near twenty years old, and presumptive heir to the crown. This arrangement was highly disgustful to the Duke ; he made no scruple of avowing his hatred to Ann, and censuring those delusive arts, by which, as he thought, she had obtained this preference from the late king : though to do her justice, she had many great qualities, and an uncommon share of knowledge and penetration. At first she attempted to sooth the angry disappointed Lewis, but his passions were then too impetuous to yield either to reason or courtesy ; he openly and grossly insulted her ; she ordered him to be arrested ; fortunately I heard of the order, gave him timely notice, and he fled to the castle of Beaujency, where I accompanied him.

“ I was only five years old when I lost my parents ; too young to be sensible of that loss ; I was taken by my uncle, well known in the world as the Mareschal de Giè, as his
OWN

own child ; nor did the tenderest parent ever more truly deserve reverence and love, than this best of men. At fifteen, when I had gone through all my exercises, and by my conduct and character obtained the general good opinion as an accomplished, well-disposed youth, I was placed about the person of the young Lewis, Duke of Orleans, and at the time I am speaking of, became his favorite and confidential friend.

“ Before the death of Lewis the Eleventh, that monarch had obliged the Duke to marry his youngest daughter Jane. This princess had an agreeable face ; was highly accomplished, and of a most amiable disposition ; but she was unhappily deformed. Lewis conceived an invincible dislike to her, which all her great and good qualities failed to eradicate. With the most unexampled sweetness, she bore all the slights and contemptuous neglects heaped upon her ; nor till afterwards, when he ascended the throne, did her family,

or

or the public, know the peculiar circumstances of her situation.

“ When the Duke fled to the castle of Beaujency, the Duchefs offered to accompany him in his exile, but she was refused ; myself, and two faithful domestics, were the only one’s admitted to follow him. The Lady of Beaujeu lost no time, she assembled a small force, furrounded the castle, and compelled us to surrender.

“ The Duke was imprisoned for a few days, but being stript of all power, and his possessions confiscated, he was released at the intercession of the Duchefs, who was indefatigable in her endeavours to serve him, though conscious she could derive no benefit to herself by obtaining his liberty. Her virtues and sweet disposition, gained her universal esteem ; I particularly admired and respected her ; my intimacy with the Duke gave me liberty to explain my sentiments on all occasions : I failed not to hold up to him the obligations

ligations he owed to this respectable woman; the claims she had upon his heart and his judgment: but all I could urge was fruitless."

"Lewis had a thousand good qualities, but his prejudices were unconquerable; he nourished an equal dislike to her, and the Lady of Beaujeu: discontented and restless, he resolved to leave the kingdom, and engage some other power to concur in his designs of dispossessing Ann of the government. With this view, he secretly withdrew himself, attended only by me, and a very few followers, to the court of Britany, where Francis the Second, the reigning Duke, received him with every attention, and promised him the succours he solicited in a short time.

"Within a very few days after our arrival, I observed Lewis was more than commonly melancholy and unhappy. I took the liberty to question him of the cause for such an appearance, when his prospects seemed so flattering,

flattering, and when Francis had made a princely establishment for him."

"My dear De Giè," answered he, "the hour is come that must decide the colour of my future destiny; know, that I love, I adore the charming daughter of Francis, Ann, the heiress of his possessions, and the most lovely of her sex: ah! if I can but engage her heart, how easy to obtain a divorce from Jane, and unite myself to the only object that ever touched my heart."

"This declaration astonished and grieved me; I represented to him the cruel injustice he meditated against an amiable and unoffending princess. I bid him consider how improbable it was that Francis would ever consent to give his daughter, heiress of his dominions, sought after by so many neighbouring sovereigns, to a fugitive prince, who could not even pretend to her hand, without first committing a most flagrant act of cruelty and

and dishonour. He heard me with an air of impatience."

"You have obtained my confidence," said he, "beware you do not abuse it; my own inclinations and judgment must direct me. I forgive the many arguments you have adduced in favour of Jane, because I do not scruple to allow her all the good qualities you impute to her head and heart: as a woman I esteem her, as a wife I detest, nor ever will acknowledge her: nay, even the favours I have received from her hands, render her more odious to me, because they have fastened an obligation on my mind, of which I am undeserving. Compelled to receive her hand, she has only her cruel arbitrary father to blame, for I never deceived her by the least appearance of affection. Cease then De Giè, to plead Jane's rights, in opposition to my views of happiness; never speak on that subject again, if you wish that we should continue friends; I confide in your honour that this conversation does not transpire."

"Being

“ Being now convinced that there was a superior power that ruled his heart above me, I was obliged to be a silent witness of what I could not prevent; and all my hopes for the unfortunate duchess rested on the improbability that Francis would ever bestow his daughter upon him, or the princess encourage the devoirs of a married man. But a short time convinced me that I was mistaken in both. Francis was advanced in years, his mind imbecile, and his disposition easily led by such as were most about him.

“ The Duke, united to a pleasing person, had every accomplishment that could challenge esteem: his manners were insinuating and polished; his understanding superior to most men's, and his eloquence on a favorite topic, was generally found irresistible. So many amiable and dangerous qualities, easily subdued the mind of Francis, and engaged the attention of his daughter; his influence was unbounded, and he already anticipated his success, and had begun to put things

things in train secretly, to procure a divorce, when a sudden and unexpected interruption baffled all his schemes.

“ The nobles of Britany had long cast a jealous eye on this powerful favourite; they penetrated into his views, and were determined to oppose them, as they wished their princess to form a more brilliant alliance. They contrived to inform the Lady of Beaujeu of all that was transacting; they did more, they invited her to invade their country, promising their assistance upon certain conditions stipulated, which she readily accorded to at the time, to gratify her love of power, and her hatred to the Duke.

“ This negotiation was carried on so privately, that not the least intelligence transpired, till the storm burst upon them. Astonished and alarmed, Francis collected a hasty army, to repel the invader, and the Duke stimulated by love, hatred and ambition, put himself at the head of it. Several battles
were

were fought with various successes; but the troops of Ann, aided by the desertion of the army under the Duke, and the defection of the nobles against Francis, were at length victorious; the Duke was unfortunately taken prisoner, and the army surrendered at discretion.

“ As I do not mean to concern myself with the subsequent affairs between France and Britany, more than what is necessary to illustrate my own story, I shall follow the Duke, by whose side I fought, and consequently was involved in the same fate.

“ We were conducted, after a short confinement at Lusignan, to Bourges, and there placed in separate apartments in the great tower of that castle. This separation was worse than death; the commander of the tower had obtained his place under the reign of Lewis the Eleventh; his respect for the princess his daughter, the unfortunate Jane, induced him to treat the Duke with more
5 attention

attention than his orders extended to, but we could not obtain permission to see, or converse with each other.

“ Mean time the amiable wife of the Duke, though no stranger to his designs against her, wearied Ann daily with importunities in his behalf; she humbled herself on her knees to the haughty and inflexible lady of Beaujeu. All was fruitless, and every application repulsed with indignation, and reproaches at her meanness in soliciting favours for a man who had treated her with such contempt and injustice.

“ True,” said this respectable Princess one day, “ true, madam, *I* may have cause to complain, in the opinion of *others*; but who has a *right* to judge? If I do not feel injured, if my husband is dear to me, and if both inclination and duty prompts me to save him from imprisonment and despair, who shall presume to step between us, and tell me of his unworthiness? My affection,

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and your glory demands his liberty ; mean souls may feel pleasure in revenging injuries, but a truly great mind triumphs in forgiving them." But in vain did this most amiable lady solicit Ann ; she both feared and hated the Duke, and therefore determined to preclude him from the power of interfering with her designs. The wars in which she engaged, and the many excellent regulations she made in the government, are foreign to my story.

" The Duchess of Orleans, despairing to effect her generous purpose with the lady of Beaujeu, found means to petition the Governor of the Tower at Bourges to extend his utmost indulgence to his illustrious prisoner, and when he least expected it, through the favour of La Peine, so was the Governor called, I was introduced to the Duke's apartment, and from that day experienced every attention that we could expect consistent with the duty La Peine held himself bound to observe to the Regent of the kingdom.

" How

“How painful was my situation! What cheerless melancholy hours did I pass endeavouring to calm the mind of my Royal Master, whose disappointed love and ambition would sometimes work him to a degree of frenzy that required all my exertions to subdue! The unfortunate Duchess was not permitted the poor consolation of writing to him; all she could obtain was, now and then hearing from the Governor that he existed.

“Near two years we lived in this gloomy solitude, during which time several great events had taken place.

“The Duke of Orleans, no longer an object of jealousy to the Nobles of Brittany, and the lady of Beaujeu forgetful of the prescribed conditions on the commencement of the war, seeking now to obtain conquests for herself; the country at once united to drive the French from Brittany, and Ann found herself compelled to retire: Soon after which

Francis the Second died, and left his vast possessions to his daughter.

“Ann, of Britany, was now the object of every potentate in Europe; but she, devoted to the Duke of Orleans, repulsed every application, and rejected every overture. Several Princes then fought to obtain by force of arms that kingdom she would not voluntarily bestow; she saw her country on the verge of destruction, deluged with blood, and no way to preserve that or herself, but by giving her hand to one of the candidates for her favour: The choice fell upon Maximillian, King of the Romans.

“To this she was urged by two motives, one, that Maximillian was at a time of life, and with power to protect her; and the other, that his daughter Margaret was the affianced wife to Charles the French King, in whose court she had resided some time for education previous to the marriage expected to take place very soon. Her affection for
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the Duke of Orleans rendered all other men equally indifferent ; she sought therefore, by this alliance with the King of the Romans, to secure the friendship of the lady of Beaujeu and her son Charles.

“ The contract took place, and the marriage was soon expected to follow ; but the cunning and politic lady of Beaujeu had conceived other projects ; she had long cast a desiring eye on the territories of Britany, and what she could not obtain by force of arms, she determined, if possible, to secure by ingenious manœuvres. She wrote to the Duke of Orleans, offering him his liberty and full restitution of all his honours and effects, if he would exert all *his* influence jointly with her’s to engage Ann of Britany to break her contract with Maximillian and marry Charles, who would now soon take upon him the government of the kingdom.

The offer was tempting, imprisonment for life was perhaps the alternative ; he could

no longer entertain any hopes of Ann for himself; he had also formerly received a personal affront from the King of the Romans, who had refused him that asylum Francis, the Duke of Britany, had so generously offered. All those reasons working upon the mind of Louis, inclined him at length to accede to the propositions of the lady of Beaujeu.

“He was permitted to write secretly to Ann, “to inveigh against her choice of a man old enough to be her father, and to display the incomparable advantages of uniting herself with Charles: He lamented his own cruel destiny that precluded any hopes or wishes for himself; but that her happiness was too dear to him to see it sacrificed by a marriage with Maximillian, when she had the choice of a young, amiable, and powerful Monarch.”

“In short, his letters, his advice, his entreaties, were repeated incessantly during the
course

course of two months, in which time the King of the Romans had been engaged in subduing an enemy previous to his marriage.

“ The Duke’s remonstrances, and the unremitting private negotiations of the lady of Beaujeu, were at length successful, and drew from Ann a reluctant consent to their wishes; the moment her honour was pledged, and she had consented to repair to the coast of France to complete a marriage with Charles, the lady of Beaujeu sent Margaret, the daughter of Maximillian, and the contracted wife of Charles, back to her father’s court, with a frivolous apology more disgraceful than the act itself; and this breach of honour, and indignity to a Princess, must ever remain a stain upon the politics of that lady, who, by the death of her husband’s eldest brother at this period, became Duchess of Bourbon.

“ It was not without infinite concern, and much reluctance, that Ann was prevailed
C 4 upon

upon to break her faith with Maximilian; but the French forces advanced into Britany, the Duke of Orleans persuaded and entreated, and she had no longer the power to refuse. The marriage was celebrated without delay, at a town in Touraine, and on the same day the Duke and myself obtained our liberty.

“ Never shall I forget the joy and tenderness that animated the Duchess of Orleans; she hastened from a monastery, to which she had retired after her unsuccessful applications; she met us on the road; she threw herself speechless with joy into the arms of the Duke; then on her knees returned thanks to heaven for his deliverance, in terms of equal piety and rapture. Every one present was affected; even the Duke was moved, and taking her hand, “ This kindness, madam,” said he, “ is more than I deserve; ’tis an implied reproach, and covers me with confusion.” Then,” replied she, “ I will be a miser of my joy, for I would not give you a moment’s pain to be mistress of the
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the universe.—'Tis impossible I should mean reproach, when I have no cause of complaint now you are at liberty."

Her eyes beamed with tenderness and delight; ah! much wronged and amiable princess, how did I regret the insensibility of a noble heart to merit like your's! But why do I say *insensibility*? Lewis respected, but could not love her; he did justice to her nobleness of mind, but he could not overcome the strong prejudice a forced marriage, and the defects of her shape, had fixed in his soul: she was adored by all but the man who possessed her whole heart, and for whom she would have sacrificed the rest of the world.

"The return of Charles and his Queen drove us from court; the Duke could not so far subdue the passion he had felt for Ann, as to meet her in the arms of another, and therefore retired to his castle at Blois.

“ Mean time Maximillian, enraged at the double affront he had received, and the loss of such rich possessions, sent envoys to different princes, to engage them in an alliance with him, and in a league against the king of France. He succeeded; the Kings of England and Spain espoused his cause, and their forces were united with Austria against Charles.

“ Immense preparations were made to repel the enemy; many battles were fought, and France suffered severely: 'twas then the Duke of Orleans emerged from his solitude to serve his country, and I accompanied him: but the multitude of the forces brought against us were too powerful, and had not a private negotiation taken place between Charles, and Henry, King of England, our situation would have been very embarrassing. Thro' the influence of the latter, an accommodation was agreed upon, and peace was again restored, by giving up some valuable acquisitions

tions to Maximillian, and a considerable sum of money to Henry.

“ But short was the duration of tranquillity in France ; Charles was persuaded to lay claim to the kingdom of Naples, and to follow up his claim by a numerous army, which was to cross the Alps and Appenines. The Duchess of Bourbon, his mother, did not approve of this chimerical project ; but the advice of young, courageous men, had more influence on the mind of Charles, than the prudent caution of age. His success, which is well known, justified his courage and resolution at the time ; he persevered, conquered, and entered Naples in triumph.

“ Mean time the Duke of Orleans, who was engaged in a different service, had surprised the city of Novara, of which we took possession, but unfortunately we were almost immediately surrounded by a numerous and unexpected body of Italians, who turned our conquest into a blockade—we were shut up

in the very city we had so recently conquered. Charles heard of our situation; he put himself at the head of a chosen band, and suffered incredible difficulties, to hasten his march to our relief. He engaged and defeated the enemy, and rescued us when we were driven to the last extremity by famine.

“ The King left a governor at Naples, and retired to Lyons, elated with success and conquest; but his triumph was soon interrupted, for during his residence in that city, the King of Naples had recovered great part of his kingdom, and compelled the governor Charles had left, to surrender the city at discretion, after a long and obstinate engagement.

“ The King of France, roused from the lethargy of enervating pleasures, determined to pursue the war in Italy; fresh levies were made, and the most vigorous measures resolved upon; when they were all at once obliged to be suspended, by the sudden illness
of

of the King. Still he was anxious that his forces should go against Milan, and the command of the troops was offered to the Duke of Orleans.

“ My master believing the illness of Charles to be of a dangerous nature ; being then heir to the crown, in consequence of the recent death of the infant Dauphin, declined engaging in what he thought a romantic expedition, and in so doing incurred the displeasure both of the King and Queen.

“ He retired once more to his castle at Blois, leaving me to watch the motions of the court. The illness of Charles increased, and his physicians began to despair of his recovery. The queen secretly took measures to secure all her treasures, and to embark them for Britany, which country had been secured to her by the marriage articles for her life.

“ She

“ She could not elude my vigilance, however private her designs; they reached me, and on the very day that her immense riches were put on board; I gave notice of it to my uncle, the Mareschal de Giè, who by virtue of his office, stopt the embarkation, till the fate of Charles was determined.

“ Contrary to the physicians opinion, and the general expectation, a favourable crisis appeared, and he was pronounced out of danger.

“ Ann, his Queen, entertained the most implacable hatred against my uncle and me, for the steps we had taken, to prevent the removal of her treasures; though certainly, as the King recovered, the event was fortunate to her: but she knew we were devoted to the Duke of Orleans, and that alone was sufficient to draw down her displeasure.

“ The whole tenor of Ann’s conduct plainly evinced that ambition had conquered love;

love; the Duke had certainly possessed her heart when he was in the court of her father; but no sooner was her marriage concluded with Charles, than she became his avowed enemy: whether she was displeased that he should persuade her to the marriage, I know not, but her subsequent conduct proved that a desire to reign could overcome every other passion.

“ I shall not dwell on the various occurrences that took place after the apparent recovery of the King; the seeds of the disease impaired his constitution, and it was observed, that an almost imperceptible weakness gradually gained upon him, that must soon have had a fatal termination, had not the accident of striking his head with violence against a door, brought on a concussion of the brain, and caused his death.

“ The Duke of Orleans was called to the throne; Ann, the late Queen, departed for Britany; my uncle and myself were caressed
and

and honoured with places of emolument and trust. Lewis the Twelfth, as he was called, had many splendid virtues, many amiable qualities, and soon obtained the love of his people.

“ A few days after he had been called to the crown, I paid my respects privately to the queen, who had not yet appeared in public as such.

“ The moment I entered her apartment, before I could offer my homage to her, she exclaimed, “ Ah! my friend, do you seek the unfortunate; has a sympathizing heart brought you here, or have you any dreadful message to deliver, that may put a sudden period to my misfortunes ?”

“ Astonishment for a moment suspended my powers of speech, at length recovering; “ I come, madam,” said I, “ respectfully to offer my homage, the homage of a heart that knows and adores you for your virtues; and
that

that hopes the shining prospect that awaits you, may compensate for all your past sufferings, sufferings that have added lustre to your admirable character."

"I saw she was agitated, and struggling for words. She pointed to a chair; I seated myself in respectful silence; for some moments she was incapable of speaking; at length she suppressed her emotions, resumed an air of dignity, though sorrow clouded every feature.

"Chevalier," said she, "I have had too many proofs of your respect and affection, to believe you capable of duplicity; yet that *you* should be a stranger to the cruel design of the king, almost staggers my faith. I thought his confidence in you was unbounded; how comes it then you talk to me of homage, and of splendid prospects? the first I may deserve, but from the last I am doomed to be shut out for ever! Tell me, Chevalier,

lier, has not the king declared to you his intentions respecting me?"

"Overcome with surprise and apprehension, I replied, "Not one word, madam, has his majesty deigned to speak relative to you, and I had every hope that he was a convert to your virtues, and would rejoice in the opportunity of rewarding them."

"His silence to you," returned she, "convinces me that he is sensible of his injustice, and feels that he wrongs me; listen to me then, and I will repeat to you what passed between us last evening. You are sensible, Chevalier, that I could be no stranger to the transactions in the court of Brittany, and the ardent affection which your master entertained for the daughter of Francis, our late queen. But I affected to disbelieve it, and when my beloved husband was confined, you know how I acted, and what I suffered. When the mother of Charles, by a refined policy, made the Duke her instrument,

ment, to accomplish a union between Ann and her son, as the price of his liberty, I own I foolishly indulged delusive hopes, that her marriage, and my unremitting endeavours to please, might in time give me some share of his invaluable heart. I cannot charge him with deception; esteem he could not refuse me, but love never warmed his bosom one moment in my favour. We have lived together as friends, as *brother and sister*; never as *husband and wife*! but I shared in his troubles; I assisted to soothe and amuse some of his melancholy hours, and I was contented with my situation, when no one else had a decided share in his heart. When the death of Charles was announced, how transported did I feel, that my beloved lord would dignify the crown that devolved to him; I anticipated the delight and pride I should experience, in seeing him the darling of his people, the hero of his age. Alas! *see it* I never shall; short lived have been my visionary hopes, and the gay castles my fancy raised, are tumbled into ruins."

" Here

“ Here the unfortunate lady was so overcome with her emotions, that I thought she would have expired in her chair; I would have called for assistance, but she repressed me by a sign; I gave her a glass of water, and after venting a few heavy, heartfelt sighs, she recovered, well enough to go on, though in a tremulous voice.”

“ Last evening the king came into my apartment; his looks wore concern and embarrassment; I was alarmed without knowing why, and dismissed my attendants. He seated himself, and after a little pause, addressed me, as nearly as my agitated spirits can recollect, in the following words.”

“ I feel the greatest reluctance, madam, to give you any pain; my heart bears testimony to your many virtues, and confesses that it is indebted to you for many undeserved favours. I acknowledge your merit, but I cannot reward it as it deserves, and as you may expect. My situation now calls upon
me

me to act decisively; I must proclaim you to the world as my queen, or I must put a final end to your expectations, and explain the terms on which we have lived together. The first I *cannot* do, the heart is refractory, and will select for itself, and too often runs counter to judgment. My subjects have a right to expect a queen, to hope for an heir to the throne; to comply with their last hope, I must marry a woman of my choice. Pity me, madam, that I am weak and culpable towards you, and conceive the steps I am about to pursue, without my telling you. Every testimony of respect, every brilliancy of establishment, that your birth and merit demands, shall be your's. Whatever place of residence you prefer, is at your command; nor will I make my intentions public, till you have made your selection. Deign to honour me with your friendship, and believe, that whilst I live, I shall preserve an inviolable respect and esteem for you; and that in the very measures I shall take for our separation,

I will

I will bear ample testimony to your worth, though to my own condemnation."

"Here he ceased speaking," continued the unfortunate princess, "while I sat fixed and immoveable in my chair; not one word could I articulate; not one tear fell from my eyes. He saw, and was alarmed at my situation."—"Ah! madam," cried he, "speak to me; how terrible is your silence; how does it reproach me! speak, I conjure you." "He hastily brought me a glass of water, which a little restored me."—"Shall I leave you?" he said, "Is my presence odious? or must I stay to bear this torture, which wrings my heart?"

"I held out my hand, he respectfully kissed it; it restored me to animation. Stay fir, stay, I feebly exclaimed, not one complaint, not one reproach, shall pass these lips. A compulsory marriage gave me no claims to your heart, and I was conscious of my own personal defects. I never wished to marry,

though from the earliest age I esteemed you. The will of my father, never disputed or disobeyed, united us; and I have endeavoured to bend my wishes to your's, from that moment so disagreeable to you. If of late your kind attentions have inspired delusive hopes, mine was the fault, mine be the punishment. I submit to your pleasure, sir, without a single murmur. I require no establishment; rank, riches and splendour, can have no charms for me, when deprived of sharing them with you. I shall retire to a monastery; there is but *one* object to engross my devoirs when I have lost you; *you* have, I confess, divided my heart with *him*: now, I trust, purified by my religious duties, *he* will possess it entirely. I ask but one week to prepare for my departure. Now sir, leave me, I feel that I ought to be alone; may the Divine Being ever bless and protect you in this life, and may we meet in happier regions, where all tumultuous passions cease, and goodness seeks its kindred soul."

" The

“ The king rose, overcome by a variety of contending emotions, which sprung to his eyes.” “ I leave you, madam,” said he, with increased respect and admiration; but if you wish me peace of mind, signify to me soon, that you have changed your present plan, and that you will reside in a world, where your virtues and example may benefit mankind.” “ He withdrew with his handkerchief to his eyes. Alas! that kind relief was denied to me; not a tear has eased my heart, nor rest visited my eye lids, since this cruel scene passed. I endeavour to tranquillize my mind, and submit to the stroke, that when we part for ever, will be a thousand times more painful to me, than the one that separates my soul and body.”

“ Thus the amiable and unfortunate Jane concluded her melancholy account, which shocked me to my very soul. I stayed some time with her, and requested permission to wait upon her again, which she graciously accorded.

“ In

“ In the evening I happened to be alone with the king in his closet ; a deep dejection marked his features ; I took the liberty of observing it to him.” — “ My dear De Giè,” said he, “ I am torn with contending passions, and, like Araspes, seem to have two souls—listen to the cause.” “ He then repeated to me, almost word for word, what I had heard from the princess, and concluded with saying, “ that his admiration of her increased, in proportion as he detested himself ; long since,” continued he, “ would her virtues have over-balanced the defects of her person, but for the fatal passion, never extinguished, which has confirmed me the slave of Ann. Despair and persuasion compelled me to sacrifice my own wishes in favour of Charles ; but even in *his* arms I adored her ; nor could her injustice to me eradicate the love that wholly possessed my heart : nay, I have even gratified myself with the idea, that the many insults I have suffered from her, originated from resentment, that I had *persuaded* her to marry the late king, after the

despair that seized me, when the circumstances of the times obliged her to contract herself to Maximillian. Thus I have nourished in my bosom a passion, which no time, or change of situation, could subdue, and seems interwoven with my existence."

"Pardon me, sir," I replied, "if I take the liberty of observing, that it does not appear very probable you will accomplish your wishes, even if you should divorce.—He interrupted me."—"I think otherwise, Ann has pride and ambition; I flatter myself also, that she has love and gratitude; she will not be sorry to re-assume her former rank; but a divorce must be a preliminary step to any application to her; 'tis therefore determined on, for *she* is necessary to my happiness. I respect, I esteem Jane, but I can do no more."

"I saw it was in vain to oppose that powerful interest Ann had obtained, and however I deplored the misfortunes of Jane, it was

was impossible that I could render her any services with the king.

“ I paid her several visits with increased admiration; not a murmur, not a single complaint ever passed her lips from the first evening of our conversation; nor did any of her attendants observe one sigh or tear after that day. She prepared for her departure from court with a magnanimity and greatness of soul, that had distinguished all her actions. She selected the monastery where she determined to spend the remainder of her days, and refused every addition to that income which had been settled upon her by her late father: she had more than enough, she wrote to the king, for every accommodation in the retirement she had chosen, with a large surplus for the purposes of benevolence: yet to prove that she would not decline his offers of friendship, she besought him to settle pensions on her attendants, whom she was obliged to dismiss, and who, perchance, might not obtain favour from his future queen.

“ Lewis instantly complied with her request, and with a liberality that evinced his perfect desire to obey her commands. The night previous to her departure, I was admitted to see her: alas! how pale! what a placid solemnity had taken possession of every feature! she had declined seeing his Majesty.”—“ Do not, from generous motives,” said she, in the former letter alluded to, “ seek to distress yourself and me: I tell my heart continually, that I possess your esteem and friendship; I feel that I deserve both, and the nobleness of your mind can deny me neither. Under that conviction I leave you, and to the last hour of my life, my tenderness will remain unshaken, and my oraisons to heaven will be for your glory, honour and happiness.”

“ I had left the king in his closet, perusing this letter, which he had read above twenty times, with admiration and self-reproach.” “ You are going to see the princess,” said he to me; “ Ah! De Giè, how unworthy must

must I appear to her! tell her," added he, eagerly, "that I admire and esteem her above all women, and that she is amply revenged in the conflicts I feel, and the condemnation of judgment against the fatal impulse of that passion, which has driven me to a step my reason must ever condemn."

"When I entered her apartment, she was sitting with a composure, and an air of dignity, that with the change of her person visibly affected me."—"I have many obligations to your friendship, Chevalier," said she, "and have always regarded you for your steady attachment to your master, under all his misfortunes. Continue to him that love and fidelity kings seldom are so happy to meet with; let your affection be to his person, not to his dignity; and your zeal for his happiness and honour, supercede your endeavours for aggrandizing his crown. May you be happy, my friend, I shall not forget you; love the king, respect his future queen, and sometimes remember the instabi-

lity of greatness, the incertitude of happiness, and that the self-approving conscience is beyond all that is in this world desirable, and is of itself sufficient to blunt the arrows of affliction here, and procure to us permanent felicity hereafter." "She rose from her chair as she ended these words, kissed her hand to me, and hastily passed into another apartment, unable, I believe, to witness my extreme agitation.

"Admirable, unfortunate princess! not one word of her's shall ever escape my memory; I committed every syllable to paper, and have read the melancholy story a thousand times. But I beg your pardon son," continued the Monk, "I am too prolix, and shall therefore hasten to the conclusion.

"The following day the amiable and ill-treated Jane, quitted the palace with only two attendants, who had resolved to seclude themselves with their adored princess. She was followed with the blessings, the admiration,

tion, and regret of the whole court. For many days after the king was melancholy and restless, and a full fortnight passed, before he signified his public intention of obtaining a divorce, on the plea that it had been a compulsory marriage, and that only the forms of the church had ever passed between them."

" This declaration, though it procured the sanction of his holiness to the divorce, increased every one's respect and compassion for the princess, who had so nobly and patiently supported her husband's neglect and contempt.

" I pass over some events of no consequence to my story; the king had perfectly understood the character of Ann of Britany; who though she had, on the death of Charles, given marks of the most extravagant sorrow, refusing light and sustenance for several days, yet had not sufficient resolution to withstand the tempting offer of again possessing power and dominion over France.

“ She accepted the king’s hand, and soon returned in triumph to her former situation; and from that period my consequence with Lewis gradually declined.

“ She had always suspected me of penetrating into her secret designs of removing her treasures, and therefore hated me. Very soon, by the powerful influence of her charms, she obtained an unbounded command over the king, so far as to engross all his attentions, and to render him cool and indifferent to his former friends. I cannot indeed accuse her of persuading him to any acts that could diminish the lustre of his good qualities, or great actions; but she could not bear that any one should share his confidence but herself; and knowing my strong attachment to the king, and my love and reverence for the unfortunate reprobated princess, I was unhappily an object of suspicion and dislike.

“ The enterprises and brilliant successes of Lewis, is foreign to my story. The vicissitudes

fitudes of fortune at length stopped his career of glory—his troops were unsuccessful at Milan, and were reduced by sickness, and divided by the dissentions of the generals. The perfidy of Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and the death of Pope Alexander the sixth, gave a fatal blow to his designs of conquering Italy. Vexation and fatigue threw the king into a dangerous fever: my attention and attendance were unremitting: his disorder increased, and his dissolution hourly expected.

“ The queen again meditated to provide for her own security, and preserve her immense riches; and again the imprudent, though honest zeal of my uncle, the Marechal, prevented the accomplishment of her wishes; this sealed our ruin.

“ The king unexpectedly recovered, and determined to obtain an honourable termination of a war which had injured his health, destroyed his subjects, and exhausted his treasures. His opponents were equally desirous

with himself to establish a peace, which consequently was very soon concluded.

“ No sooner was tranquillity restored to the kingdom, than my uncle and myself were sacrificed to the resentments of the queen. What measures she took to injure us in the opinion of our royal master, ever remained a secret; no doubt she spared no pains, nor could she want instruments ready to assist in her plans; beloved and respected by men of integrity and honour; yet among the selfish and designing men that seek the favour of a court, my uncle had doubtless many enemies, who hated his virtues, and envied him the royal favour.

“ I am persuaded the accusations against us were not trifling one's, and the mind of Lewis must have been poisoned by the basest means, and turned against us by a powerful influence, when he could banish the worthy and respectable Mareschal de Giè, and condemn me to perpetual imprisonment: me,

whom he had loved from childhood; the follower of his fortunes in all his adversities, and the companion of his solitary hours, when forsaken by the world! it was impossible that "Lewis the beloved, the father of his people," as he was justly styled, could have been unjust and cruel to his best friends, had not the implacable hatred of the queen, and her power over his heart, doomed us to destruction.

"So secretly were the machinations against us carried on, that we were perfectly unsuspecting of the blow intended, till it fell upon us, and we were arrested. Long, indeed, we had seen our interest daily declining, but we had fulfilled the duties of our stations, and therefore rested in perfect security, only regretting the loss of our royal master's affection, not the favour of the king.

"My venerable uncle was banished to one of his estates in a distant province, with his only daughter; and I was once more shut

up in the tower at Bourges. Ah! if Lewis had known the place of my confinement, 'tis impossible but his generous heart must have melted at the recollection of those proofs I had given of my inviolable attachment to his person in that terrible fortress. Happily for me, La Peine was still the governor, though worn down by age and infirmities. From him I received every kind of alleviation to my misfortunes, that he could with honour indulge me in.

“ Four years I passed in this melancholy confinement, without knowing any of the events that occurred, or any other amusement than the conversation of the governor, and the indulgence of a few books. La Peine was a man of humanity and feeling, but so strictly tenacious of his honour, and the confidence reposed in him, that however great his compassion, and almost a conviction that I was unjustly a victim to female resentment, yet nothing could prevail upon him to relax in the principles of his duty.”

“ All

“All that depends upon me as a man,” said he one day, when I expressed a wish to have a letter conveyed to the princess Jane, whose residence was not above thirty leagues from Bourges; “every indulgence that affliction can claim from humanity, you may command: but I have sworn to keep you here unknown to any one; no letters can pass without a violation of my oath; and both religion and honour compel me to refuse your request; every attempt must be fruitless, therefore spare yourself and me unnecessary applications.”

“I respected his integrity, though I cursed the cruel author of my undeserved calamities. One morning he came into my apartment so extremely weak and altered, that I was both surprised and grieved.”

“I have been extremely ill all night,” said he, “and I think death is approaching fast; I have sent off a messenger to the court, and another to my son, who resides in the
next

next province ; I expect him this evening : whether I live or die at this time, I have desired to be superceded in my command, and have solicited that my son may be appointed in my room ; if my request is granted, you will find him as friendly as myself."

" The poor old man was obliged to retire ; I had my day's allowance, and saw no more of him ; my reflections were of course very unpleasant, for should I lose my friendly governor, the chances were many against me, that I might not have another so kind and entertaining.

" The following morning, when the great bolts were undrawn, I looked with impatience to the door ; a stranger entered much about my own age."—" My father, sir," said he, respectfully, " is confined to his bed, from whence, I fear, he will rise no more ; he has commanded me to attend you with this provision, and receive your orders for any necessities.

faries you want, but I must be speedy in my return."

"I was pleased with his address, and not having any wants, but what were supplied in the things he brought, a few compliments only were exchanged between us; my warm wishes for the health of his father, seemed to give him pleasure, though he had small hopes, he said, that they would be gratified. That night verified his fears, for the next morning I heard the good La Peine ceased to live.

"Five days passed without any change in my situation. The sixth morning La Peine came to my tower, and informed me that the king had appointed him to succeed his father. This intelligence greatly relieved my anxiety, and I had soon reason to congratulate myself on the acquisition of a friend.

"He had a wife and three children, but I saw the former only once in the garden, when I was looking over the battlements of
the

the tower. The children were young, and he sometimes permitted them to play and amuse themselves in my apartment, when he was present.

“ In the course of three months I obtained his friendship and compassion, and at length prevailed upon him to let a letter be conveyed from me to the princess Jane.

“ This permission gave me unutterable transport; I hailed it as the presage of returning liberty, and very soon did that excellent lady favour me with an answer, extremely regretting my situation and long confinement; she assured me of her earnest endeavours to procure my liberty, or at least to soften the rigour of my imprisonment. She wrote also to the governor so very strongly in my behalf, that he grew more kind and indulgent every day.

“ At length I received another letter, informing me, that from the secret inquiries she

she had caused to be set on foot at court, she heard my respectable uncle had been dead some time, and his daughter retired to a distant province with a relation, and only a small share of her father's fortune; that I was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and his majesty's mind not merely alienated from me, but irritated beyond all hopes of procuring my pardon, though every one was, or pretended to be, ignorant of the nature of my crimes, which had drawn upon me this unrelenting severity.

“To solicit the king, or oppose my interest against the pleasure of the queen,” added the princess, “will avail nothing; your name is scarcely recollected at court, and all I can hope for is, that I may be able to effect your escape through the lenity of your governor, if it can be done without involving him in ruin.”

“Not to dwell on trifling occurrences, the princess at last persuaded him into a compliance

pliance with her plan. As sentinels were always on guard, it was requisite that means should be found to effectuate my escape from the apartment I was confined in, that no blame might be attached to the governor. Ropes, and every thing were prepared; women's apparel conveyed to me at different times, and a direction to the monastery, where I was to apply as an old domestic of the princess's. La Peine generally attending on me himself, my departure could be concealed from the soldiery for two or three days, till I was in a place of security.

“ In short, one night I undertook, and succeeded in my hazardous enterprize, though at the price of my leg; for within about five or six yards from the ground, whether the rope broke, or slipped from its fastening, I know not, but it gave way, and I fell. It was some moments before I could recover myself, and then to my infinite terror and vexation, I found one of my legs so sprained, that it was impossible for me to walk on it,
and

and the whole of my left side felt as if very much bruised. I crept along the side of the wall, till I gained the gate that was purposely left open for me, and which La Peine was to fasten again early in the morning, that it might appear as if I had scaled the wall.

“ With infinite toil and pain, I at length reached a small mud cottage, about two leagues from the tower of Bourges. I must at least have been five or six hours dragging myself to this place. The extreme misery and fatigue I endured is beyond description, and only the prospect of liberty to a hopeless wretch, could have enabled me to proceed.

“ The day had just begun to dawn, when I came to this humble cot; and whilst I was considering what tale to frame, that might account for my extraordinary appearance in that retired spot, which was at the extremity of a wood, the door opened, and a middle aged man, whose looks spoke poverty and labour, stood before me.”

“ He

“He started.”—“Good woman,” cried he, “how came you here? What ails you?”

“I am very much hurt,” I replied; “my horse ran away with me last night at the entrance of the wood; I was thrown off, and left in a most dreadful state all night; with difficulty I have crept here, and implore your assistance.

“The good man waited not to ask questions, but run back, and in a few minutes returned with a low chair, on which he lifted me, and pulled me into the house. His wife was just risen from her peaceful bed, and seemed equally desirous with her husband to serve me. I was presently conveyed to the bed they had left; they would have persuaded me to be undressed, but that I evaded, not being quite so convenient for me to risque a discovery; but I accepted her offer of bathing my leg, which was now swelled to an immoderate size, and gave me exquisite pain.

“I entreated

“ I entreated the cottager to procure me a man and horse, to carry a letter for me to the monastery of St. Mary, as I was entrusted on business of consequence from thence. This, in a short time, was obtained. I was tolerably supplied with money, and therefore could reward him well for the day's work he lost to serve me. It was fortunate that I had a silver pen, and ink in my pocket, and a scrap of paper, otherwise no such necessaries should I have found there. I made a painful effort to explain my situation to the princess, without exposing too much to the chance of a discovery.

“ I will not dwell on the tortures I endured both in mind and body, nor the humane kindness I received from the worthy cottagers. My messenger returned, accompanied by four men with a litter; I was placed on it, and at length arrived at the monastery.

“ I was

“ I was received in the outer court as a female domestic, once attendant on the princess; and that good and excellent lady undertook every thing for my accommodation: fortunately a close jacket had been provided for me, as I could not put on stays, and that, with a petticoat, I retained when I was placed in bed.

“ A Surgeon was then sent for, and at the first view declared my leg to be in a state of mortification, and that my life would not be safe twelve hours without an amputation. I had no alternative, and therefore was obliged to submit to the operation, though my blood was in a very unfavourable state for it, from the agitation of my spirits and fatigue of my body. The leg was taken off below the knee, and I bore it wonderfully well. I remained eleven weeks in the monastery, unknown to all but the princess, and her particular confidantes. The weakness of my body had its common effects upon my mind; the excellent lady, to whom I owed my life
and

and liberty, offered to support me in any country I would retire to; but I was grown sick of the world, and its delusive flatteries. To seek under a borrowed name, another country, new friends, and find myself a stranger among the multitude, no ways interested for me, was such a painful reflection, that I determined to copy the example of the heroic princess, and retire from the world.

“ When I had made up my mind, and my benefactress was informed of it, she advised me against taking any vows, but to let my retirement be a matter of choice in some solitary habitation, where I might either continue, or at any time emerge into the world, should my present resolutions undergo any change.

“ After some time spent in searching for a convenient situation, this cottage was found in a ruinous state, from being long deserted by its melancholy inhabitant, I suppose; but that was a small objection; its vicinity to the monastery,

monastery, and its detached solitary situation at the foot of the mountains, and enveloped in the wood, were many advantages that weighed against its uncomfortable appearance.

“ Every thing being concerted between us, I took leave of the princess, and the charitable sisterhood, and departed in my female attire, though with a wooden leg. Such precautions were taken, that I am almost confident even the surgeon had no suspicion of my sex, and the fairness of my complexion assisted the deception.

“ I repaired to a village about nine leagues from hence, where I contrived to get an exchange of garments, and a Monk's cloak ; after this I procured a labourer or two, to remedy the ravages of time in this cottage, made it what you see, and took possession of it. The wonder of the ignorant peasantry soon wore off, and here I have lived unmolested ever since, except what I
felt

felt for the death of my honoured and revered benefactress, the most unfortunate and most amiable of her sex, the princess Jane.

“ During her life, I was supplied weekly with every necessary of life, by a good Friar, who was her almoner to the sick and indigent; and on her death-bed she left a sum of money, to be appropriated to the same purpose as long as I exist.

“ Here then I have lived unknown, and unsought for; my walks have never extended beyond this side of the mountain; and independent of society, I enjoy every comfort that a man at my time of life can possibly want. Except the old Friar, and his successor, who regularly visits me once a week, I have not seen twenty persons since my residence in these mountains.

“ Let me not forget to tell you, that the princess, some time after my escape from the tower, received an account from the

VOL. I. E governor,

governor, La Peine, that no answer had been returned to his notification of my escape, though he was informed much inquiry had been privately set on foot to trace me. He, however, suffered no censure, and preserved his place. I am of opinion that the king, conscious of the injustice he had been drawn into by love and beauty, was not sorry to hear of my liberation, for I know the heart of Lewis too well, not to be assured that he felt many painful regrets for the invincible dislike his queen conceived against my venerable worthy uncle and myself, who were undoubtedly victims to our integrity and attachment to the interest of our master. But such is the secret intrigues of courts, and the instability of royal favour!

“ I have now concluded my story,” said the Monk, “ and I fear have trespassed much on your patience.”

“ No,” answered Dupont, “ on the contrary, I am obliged to you; you have beguiled

guiled the tedious hours that retard the dawn of day, and have taken me from many corroding reflections, that distract my breast; yet have awakened others not less painful; only that doubt is lost in certainty, and that the object of them is not like my Adelaide, existing in a deceitful, merciless world, and defenceless against all the numberless ills to which, from her youth and sex, she stands exposed.

“ But see the grey-eyed morn expanding in the east; thank heaven, I can now begin, fearless, to seek my way round the mountain; angels preserve my child; my heart throbs with terror and impatience.”

“ Do not anticipate misfortunes, by melancholy apprehensions,” said the Monk, “ defenceless innocence is the peculiar care of Providence; confide in that, and fear nothing.”

“ I doubt not the goodness of heaven,” answered Dupont, “ but the machinations of the wicked are sometimes permitted to

succeed, doubtless for wise purposes, to strengthen our virtue and fortitude ; but all men are not blessed with firmness and resolution, and there are some evils against which reason and virtue vainly struggle, and are often subdued in the contest. But I must be gone ; I hope we shall meet again ; if I find my Adelaide safe, and the distance between us not greater than I suppose it to be, you will most probably see us both."

" That would indeed be a pleasure, such as I never expected to enjoy," said the Monk ; " let me not languish long in expectation of it ; but remember that you have awakened me to a sense of the delights that conversation and society communicates, and that it will be an irreparable injury to the tranquillity of my mind, if you inspire hopes long since faded from my memory, and then disappoint them."

Dupont again repeated his promise, and taking a hasty leave, once more entered the wood, through which he had passed to the

Monk's

Monk's retreat; but he had explored his way in the dark, and from the agitation of his mind at the time, could not recollect the direction he had taken; he thought it most prudent, therefore, to keep round the foot of the mountains, which he did for some time, but the road was quite strange to him, and after walking above an hour, he was as much at a loss to know if he was right in the direction, as when he quitted the Monk.

It occurred to him to ascend one of the hills and look round the country; he was on the point of this fatiguing enterprise, when he thought the sound of distant voices broke upon his ear: he listened, and was convinced that he could not be mistaken; the hope of meeting persons who might give him information of the road, arrested his steps, and he waited for their coming up. The sounds still continued, though they varied; sometimes more distinct, then dying away, yet seemed not to approach nearer. At first he thought the turnings of the road affected the vibration.

tion of the voices, but after waiting a considerable time, he was convinced the persons who spoke were stationary, though he could not judge exactly of their situation.

Mortified that he had lost time, and could see no one, instead of ascending the hill, he proceeded on, in the hope of meeting some cottage where those persons were: he turned round a projecting part of the mountain that extended into the wood, and then heard the voices more distinctly, and almost close to him.

Greatly surprised, he stopt and looked round on all sides; not the least vestige of an habitation was to be seen; when examining more narrowly, he saw a large cavity in the side of the mountain above him, and drawing nearer to the foot of it, was presently assured that the voices descended from thence.

At

At first, mingled emotions of curiosity and hope, suggested the idea of scrambling up the craggy sides, and presenting himself at this opening; but prudence quickly whispered, that it was more than probable a set of banditti were concealed in a place, where there could be no inducements to reside but guilt, or fear of discovery.

This thought had scarcely passed in his mind, and impelled his steps forward, before he saw a man coming from the opening; he shrunk down, and crept into the wood, fortunately undiscovered: the thickness and height of the underwood prevented him from being seen, though as he could discern what passed, he naturally trembled for his own safety.

Three men habited as peasants, came out at this cavity; he saw them turn to the left, ascend the mountain for some time, till he suddenly lost sight of them. He remained greatly agitated in his concealment, being

perfectly convinced they must be robbers only, who would retire into the recesses of a mountain in a group. Misery might compel an unfortunate person to seek a shelter there, but three persons who seemed fearless to emerge and range the hills, were very unlikely to be the victims of misfortune. Under this conviction, however great his impatience to see his loved Adelaide, and dispel her fears for his safety, he thought it most prudent to remain some minutes where he was.

Presently the men appeared returning; they stopt on the brow of the hill, looking round on all sides, and by their motions he concluded that they had discovered him; he knew not whether to lay still, or attempt to escape; in the latter there was evident danger, for they were doubtless acquainted with all the intricacies of the wood, and if they did see him, an attempt to fly would give them suspicion.

He

He saw them descend the mountain with breathless terror; it was the thought of the moment to counterfeit sleep. He was not mistaken, from the height of the mountain they saw every thing beneath, however sheltered in the wood; they came up to him.

"He sleeps," said one of them: "some traveller who has lost his way among the hills, and is weary and oppressed."

"What shall we do with him?" said another.

"See if he has any money, and let him go," replied the other.

"He does not sleep," cried the third, who had been looking attentively at him; see how his heart beats, and how regular his breath.—Come, friend," added he, rudely dragging his arm, "Do not attempt to impose upon us; speak, who, and what are you?"

Dupont strove to preserve appearances, and wake as if in a great fright. He was again questioned, and recollecting in an in-

stant that there was a village some leagues off, he hastily replied. "He came from that village, and had lost his way."

"To what place were you going?" said another.

This was a question he was totally unprepared to answer; his hesitation and confusion alarmed them immediately.

"Oh, oh, my friend, we have caught you; you are not perfect in your story, it seems; you are, no doubt a spy, and we shall treat you accordingly."

It was in vain he protested his innocence; they forced him before them into the thickest of the wood, and then he saw one take a pistol from his pocket; the moment was too critical to be lost; "Stop," said he, "and I will tell you all; I am the most unfortunate of men; I have resided with an only child some years, on the side of these mountains next the sea, in a humble cottage, to avoid the

the wickedness and persecution of powerful and implacable enemies. Last night I took a solitary walk, and lost my way in the dark; I have been wandering to recover my road, terrified for the situation of my child; and if you are men of humanity, pity an unhappy oppressed man, who has neither power nor inclination to injure a single individual, and who implores you to direct his steps towards his solitary cottage, by saying which way I must take towards the sea."

There is something irresistible in truth, and an artless tale generally finds its way to the heart: these men, the moment before bent on his destruction, now threw on him an eye of pity. One of them turning to the others, "This story seems plausible; if he is, *unfortunate* and *poor*, we have no enmity against him: but it behoves us to be cautious; give me the pistol, I will accompany him, and meet you at the appointed place on my return."

Poor Dupont, preserved in the very moment of destruction, expressed his gratitude in such terms, as scarcely left a doubt upon their minds of his sincerity; yet still they felt some uneasy apprehensions, that their retreat was discovered; one of them immediately suggested the extraction of an oath, that he never would mention their persons, or abode, to any one living. He scrupled not to comply with their requisition in the most solemn and unequivocal terms, and then following his conductor, they left the other two to return where they pleased.

The stranger led Dupont directly across the wood, and to the opposite chain of hills; then turning to the right, they continued their route until they obtained a distant view of the sea, which made Dupont's heart bound with delight.

During their walk, the stranger asked him many questions, relative to his retirement, and mode of passing his time; but he was not imperti-

impertinently inquisitive into his personal concerns. Dupont found him sensible and rational, infinitely exceeding what might be expected from his apparent employment and associates; and several times he heard and viewed him with surprise, not unmixed with concern, that a man of his understanding should be engaged in lawless depredations on the highway; for such, he had no doubt, was his occupation.

They now advanced to the side of that mountain, where the humble cottage stood, that contained all the treasures of the unfortunate Dupont; he observed to his companion, that in a few minutes he should see his dwelling: the other either did not, or would not, understand the hint, but proceeded with him. They had gone but a few paces farther, before Dupont sprung forward, and in the same moment the stranger saw a lovely young creature, apparently about seventeen, in a coarse brown jacket, without hat or cap; a profusion of light brown hair reaching at

least a foot below her waist, flying through the road, throw herself into the arms of her father, and immediately fainted.

That tender father was little less agitated, but he preserved his senses, and assisted by his companion, soon restored his Adelaide to life and recollection.

“Heaven! heaven be praised!” she exclaimed, “my beloved father, my only friend, is safe. Ah! what have I not suffered this last night, from terror and incertitude.”

“I have shared in your inquietude, my dearest Adelaide,” returned Dupont, straining her to his bosom: “I have been to blame: we are once more united; never will I be a truant again.”

He then turned to the stranger; “You see, sir, I have not deceived you; Will you walk on to the cottage?”

The

The man started; his eyes were riveted on the enchanting Adelaide, whose beauty and graces no mean garb could hide, though it might a little diminish the blaze of her charms. She was indeed another Hebe; youth, innocence, and beauty, with an expression in her eyes, that gave an additional glow to the bloom on her cheeks. Turning quickly to Dupont, on his coolly delivered invitation, which he had not power to refuse, "Yes, I will accompany you," said he, and walked on, disregarded by Adelaide, whose sole attention was fixed on her delighted father.

When they arrived at the poor cottage, the man gazed with fresh wonder; three small rooms were all it contained; the furniture very plain and very scanty, but clean and neat to excess; a few books were the only superfluous things in it. At the back was a little enclosed garden, with fallad herbs, and a few chickens in a detached corner of it.

"Such

"Such is my rustic habitation," said Dupont, "and all the luxuries I possess."

"On what do you exist?" asked the stranger.

"Oh," replied Adelaide, "we have eggs and fallads; sometimes a chicken, and very often fish; we have plenty of good things, though they are insufficient to make us happy; yet I should endeavour to be content, if I could see my father so."

The man looked alternately from one to the other; "I cannot express to you," said he, "how greatly I feel interested for you both; sure it must have been uncommon misfortunes, that have driven persons so formed for society, to a seclusion from the world, in this solitary spot: my wonder increases every moment."

"And why should it?" returned Dupont, "your person, manners and conversation, are so unlike the circumstances of *your* situation."

The

The man fixed a reproaching eye at him; he blushed at the reproof, recovered, and went on.

“The choice *you* have made of living in the country, that I think our retirement is less to be wondered at than your’s.”

“I shall not dispute the point with you,” replied the other, “no man has a right to judge on the actions of another, when unacquainted with the cause from whence they originate. We have each motives that justify us to ourselves, doubtless; but I must now leave you; I am sorry for it; Will you permit me to return here another day?”

Dupont hesitated, and threw down his eyes.

“You may depend upon my discretion,” added he, “and perhaps will have no cause to repent of your complaisance: but I will not urge my request, if it gives you pain.”

Dupont

Dupont found it impossible to resist this politeness. "I do confide in you," said he, "I wish to live here unknown and unmolested; but you have claims upon me; I trust to your honor, come when you please, but *come alone.*"

The stranger rose, "I leave you with reluctance; may heaven preserve you and your lovely daughter; Providence this day has saved both *you* and *me.*" Then bowing to Adelaide, he hastily left the cottage.

She followed him with her eyes all astonishment; his language and manners were so little correspondent with his dress, that forgetting the plainness of her own, and the same palpable contradiction, she exclaimed,

"Bless me, this is the strangest peasant I ever saw; he has the air of a courtier."

"Do you remember what courtiers were;" asked her father.

"Very

"Very faintly indeed, sir, but I have heard they are polite and obliging; and also that they are false and wicked; you, my dear father, have been a sufferer by such."

"To what a painful degree," cried Dupont, raising his eyes to heaven. Then checking himself, he turned the conversation, by repeating to her the occurrences of the preceding night; touching lightly on his meeting with the gentleman peasant, as if he had accidentally inquired the road of him.

"But where does he live?" asked Adelaide.

"On the other side of the mountains, sometimes, and other times at a much greater distance."

This answer did not seem satisfactory to her, and she repeated her questions till he grew tired and embarrassed, and gave her to understand that they were troublesome. She desisted, but the whole day and the following night, she thought of little else than the stranger:

stranger : nor is it to be wondered at ; almost from infancy she had been brought up in a convent, from whence she was taken to see her mother at the point of death. Subsequent distresses had wholly engrossed her, and for above three years she had seen no man but her father. This stranger appeared to be about thirty ; a pleasing, though a grave countenance ; a noble air, and good figure : his manners were polished, though his garb was mean, and she could not repress a wish that he might soon visit them again.

Mean time, Dupont was a prey to the most cruel uneasiness ; his retreat was discovered ; and by a man who appeared under the most suspicious circumstances, who had silently acquiesced in the intentions of the others to murder him : and though he owed his life to him, yet still there lay a degree of guilt attached to him in his first proceedings. His Adelaide too was exposed to a thousand unpleasant occurrences, if he repeated his visits. How bitterly did he accuse his imprudent

prudent ramble the preceding evening, which had been productive of such additional perplexities.

Sometimes he thought of claiming the interest of the Monk, to get his daughter received into the monastery; but he knew she had an utter aversion to a monastic life; and though he trembled for her honor and happiness in the world, yet he could not resolve to detach her from it for ever, against her inclination.

He passed a sleepless night, and rose more unrefreshed and unhappy than ever. Poor Adelaide viewed him with grief and tenderness.

“My dear father,” said she, “tell me, are you ill? Did any thing happen yesterday that has made you more uneasy? Ah! pray conceal nothing from me: I can bear any evils, so that I have you with me. You know

know I am not weak and timid, when called upon to exert myself."

"I know," cried Dupont, embracing her, "that you are good and dutiful, my dear Adelaide; and I own to you, that 'tis on your account I feel additional anxiety. My imprudence the other evening has opened my eyes to the dangers to which you are exposed, should any accident happen to me; and independent of that possibility, to keep you thus without a female companion, detached from the world at an age when the mind expands, and requires improvement from practical knowledge, as well as from precepts; particularly in your case, without fortune or friends.

"Alas! my child, in this wide world I know not one person that can be interested for you but myself.—Great God! what a situation, would I had never taken you from the convent."

Adelaide

Adelaide sat for some moments without speaking—at last, she raised her tearful eyes to her father; “ ’Tis I then, unhappy as I am, that occasion all your sorrows; I hoped my cares and tenderness would tend to lighten them; but I feel that you are right, for what I endured that dreadful night, from apprehension for your safety, and the wretchedness that must befall me, when deprived of my beloved parent, convinces me that my situation is dangerous, and that your anxiety for me must double every woe you feel.

“ You wish I had not been taken from the convent.—When I was thoughtless and happy, that retirement was my aversion: you, sir, have improved my understanding, and misfortunes have taught me to think more justly. Will any convent receive me, portionless as I am? If one can be found that will afford an asylum for your unhappy Adelaide, my dear father I am ready to relieve the oppression of your mind, your tender anxiety

anxiety for me, and to spend the remainder of my days in a cloyster."

Dupont was excessively affected by the good sense and tenderness of her reply; "My dearest child," said he, "heaven forbid that I should wish you to be secluded from the world, when only affection for me, and not inclination, prompts you to seek refuge in a cloyster.—No, 'tis a temporary retirement only, I am desirous to procure for you; proscribed by my enemies, I dared not enter into any situation that hazarded a discovery of my existence.

"But surely, so many years passed, may have laid the stormy passions of hatred and revenge at rest. New objects of favor may have blunted all remembrance of me; and in a borrowed name, I may in some happier, less arbitrary country, procure an active situation, more becoming my age, and perhaps obtain the means to secure for my Adelaide a small independence, that will, in an
humble

humble retirement, leave her free and content, though without rank or riches."

"Well then," answered she, "it is necessary for your repose, that we should part; Alas! *here* I could find content, if you were always with me; but when I reflect there are many possibilities, that many unforeseen accidents may tear us asunder; better, far better is it, that we should separate from choice." She was interrupted by the entrance of the stranger, with a large bundle under his arm.

Dupont did not *look* a welcome; the other saw it.

"Forgive my intrusion," said he, "and the liberty I have taken of bringing a few trifles for the accommodation of your daughter. I cannot stay five minutes; but I hope you will do justice to my respect for you, and when you know me better, honor D  plessis with your friendship."

He laid down his bundle without waiting for an answer, and was out of sight in an instant. Dupont and his daughter were strangely surprised, and for a moment motionless; but curiosity impelled Adelaide to open the parcel; it contained some fine linen of every sort requisite for a female, and two dresses. The honor and integrity of Dupont was immediately alarmed; he had no doubt but these necessaries were spoils taken from some unfortunate female robbed, perhaps *murdered*; horror was in the idea, but he could not communicate it to Adelaide; yet was resolved she should not accept of them.

"My child," said he, "these things become not our situation, and to accept favors from strangers, is wounding both to delicacy and pride."

"You speak my very sentiments," replied she, "I feel humbled in the offer, though the intention and manner was obliging. Ah! sir, lose no time to procure me an asylum; I see the absolute necessity of it."

it. But from whence," said she, recollecting herself, "did he bring this linen? How did he procure it? 'Tis not new, though perfectly good; Has he females belonging to him? If so, would it not have been more delicate for *them* to have come to us? This linen corresponds not with his appearance; every thing about him is contradictory."

She paused, lost in thought; Dupont was much hurt.

"He may be unfortunate like us; he may be criminal: I would not be unjust in my conjectures; but a young man like him should seek employment, if he is unfortunate, and not degrade himself by a peasant's habit, which suits not his language."

"Perhaps," said Adelaide, "he may have a mother or sister that he supports; 'tis unfair to judge severely, when unacquainted with his situation."

"'Tis so," returned Dupont, "and I am not apt to conclude unfavourably of any
F 2 man,

man, without some reasons that justify me to myself for so doing."

Adelaide looked at her father with surprise and emotion, but made no reply ; the parcel was tied up, and placed ready to be returned to the donor. She resumed her little domestic arrangement, while Dupont shut himself in his room, to consider what steps he should take to depart from his cottage, and elude the observation of Déplissis, as he had announced himself.

He saw no method to pursue for the safety of his child, but to place her in a monastery ; and that could not be done without money ; the Monk indeed might have interest in the one from whence he derived his support, by the legacy of the princess, formerly his patroness ; but the difficulty was to get Adelaide there ; the distance he thought was great, and there was a chance of meeting those lawless men he sought to fly from ; and should he

he bring any trouble or misfortune on the Monk, he never could forgive himself.

Perplexed and uneasy, contrary to his general rule, he walked out, and with much labour ascended the mountain, to reconnoitre the country, and judge of the road towards the direction where the Monk's habitation stood. After considering for some time, he saw there must be a nearer way round the foot of the mountains on the opposite side from the one he had taken through the wood, and he determined to prepare for his departure from the cottage in a very few days.

He returned to his Adelaide; he found her more than commonly melancholy; his own feelings were in unison with her's; he was again to become a wanderer, to trust uncertain prospects, and incur many inconveniences, perhaps dangers; but the certain unpleasant events that seemed inevitable, if he remained in his present retirement, left him no alternative but to seek the Monk's

F 3

assistance.

assistance. He did not explain all his motives to Adelaide, but it was sufficient to her that he was convinced of the necessity for their removal, and she endeavoured to prepare herself with firmness, again to enter a monastery, once her aversion, but now the only asylum misfortunes had left her.

The following morning Déplessis appeared at the door with an air of diffidence and embarrassment; he had scarcely saluted them, before Adelaide retired to her little garden; his eyes followed her.

"Is not your daughter well," said he, "or have I the misfortune to displease her? She looks not with that serenity I saw in her countenance yesterday."

"Your penetration is just," replied Dupont, "she is humbled by the present you brought here yesterday, doubtless with a kind intention; but we have not been accustomed to receive favors, therefore you must not be offended."

offended if I desire you to resume them; that parcel displeases and hurts Adelaide."

"Good heavens!" cried Dépleffis, "do you call such insignificant trifles *favors*? And can your lovely daughter disdain such poor accommodations, useless to me, and of no value in themselves, but what must arise from the difficulty of procuring such in this place."

"The estimation of a favor must depend upon the feelings of the person intended to be obliged," answered Dupont; "my daughter wants not such accommodations; she has linen more suitable to her present fortunes: a mind that has fortitude to brave adversity, should be consistent, and endeavour to subdue the *fastidious* wants of pride, incompatible with poverty; a homely garb, if clean; linen coarse, if decent; and the simple food which the bounty of nature provides, is *all* the children of nature require: with such we have learnt to be content, and the only pride we have left, is to be free from a sense of obligation."

F 4

"You

"You grieve and humble *me*," replied Dépleffis; I intended to ask *favours of you*, but you repress my inclination by the severity with which you treat the simple offering of friendship."

"If I can serve *you*," said Dupont, "speak freely; there is a material difference between the acceptance of favours, and the pleasure of being useful to a fellow creature."

"True," returned the other, with some spirit, "you have given me a painful lesson on that subject, and therefore 'tis that I must now be silent."

"You will remember," said Dupont, "that I owe my life most probably to your humanity; to me, wretched as I am, an invaluable favor while my child exists; where she safe from a false ungrateful world, the stroke of death would be a stroke of mercy, of exultation."

"I know not," said Dépleffis, "how to answer you; you remind me of a circumstance that covers me with shame, confusion and remorse; that day has produced effects
in

in my mind, you can have no conception of: it has stimulated me to lay my heart, and all my errors before you; to ask your advice, to follow your counsels: but you have wounded and disconcerted me."

"Surely unintentionally," answered Dupont; "if I can serve or assist you, believe me, that in every thing that becomes a man of honor, you may command me."

"Well, sir," said Dépleffis, "I will, I must put you to the proof; judge me with candor and compassion; little as I have seen of you, it has been in such interesting circumstances, that I have as much confidence in your integrity and honor, as if I had known you for ages. I will not now press upon you, but if you will meet me tomorrow morning at the foot of the mountain, the projection of which conceals your cottage, we may then have an uninterrupted conversation; meantime think favourably of me, and permit that parcel to remain in any corner, as I cannot now, with safety to myself, take it back."

Throwing a lingering look at the garden door, as if to catch one glance of Adelaide, he left the cottage with an air of sadness, that made its way to the heart of Dupont.

“Poor young man!” cried he, “he has been unfortunate and guilty, there is little doubt; ’tis my duty to serve him if I can; but I see the necessity of hastening the departure of Adelaide to some place of safety, whatever plan I may be induced to adopt for myself. If this breaking heart survives long enough to see that dear object sheltered from the falseness and duplicity of the world, with what transport will my soul take wing, to be reunited to the angel I have lost.”

Recollection became too painful; he rose to seek for his Adelaide, but without communicating to her the particulars of his conversation with Déplessis; he merely observed that he believed the young man’s intentions were good, and that he should know something more about him tomorrow: “Not,” added

added he, "that any thing relative to him can be of consequence to us, and I hope two days hence we shall leave our peaceful retreat. I know not whether to regret or rejoice, that its being known obliges us to seek an asylum elsewhere."

She said little in return.

The remainder of the day passed heavily; neither seemed inclined to talk, and Dupont shortened his accustomed evening's ramble, that he might not increase Adelaide's melancholy by his absence.

At night they had retired to their apartments, though not to sleep; perplexing ideas disturbed both; the retrospection of the past, and the uncertainty of the future, almost distracted Dupont; when his attention was suddenly drawn by a noise at the door of his cottage; alarmed at a circumstance which had never happened before, he started from his bed, when in the same instant, he heard

the door forced open, and he saw two men coming through the outer apartment. Terror precluded speech, a faint cry involuntarily burst from his lips, and in the same moment they seized him. Naked, defenceless as he was, one of the cowardly assassins stabbed him twice, and he fell senseless on the ground. The poor affrighted Adelaide, hearing a noise, had sprang from her bed, threw some clothes about her, and opened the door just to see her beloved parent fall, the blood gushing from his wounds in torrents. She shrieked, and flew towards him, attempted to speak, the words died on her lips, and she sunk lifeless on the body.

When her senses returned, before reason had resumed its powers, she looked wildly round, and on the objects before her. "Where, where am I?" she cried, then seeing the two men, she instantly recollected the dreadful scene that had passed, and springing up, "Oh! my father! my beloved father!

ther! bring him to me, or let me go to him!"

The men held her.—“You must rest content here, my pretty maid, your father is dead, he can tell no tales; you will live happy here, if it be not your own fault.”

She fixed her eyes upon him, “Dead! dead!” she exclaimed, “Oh misery! my father dead! if you have humanity, kill me also, and I will forgive you.”

“That indeed would be a pity; no, no, pretty one, a better fate, and a pleasant life shall be your’s.”

She clasped her hands in inexpressible agony; no tears fell from her eyes; her bosom heaved with heavy sighs, and again her senses fled; she continued so long in this state, that the villains began to apprehend their victim had escaped them; but alas! it was only a temporary suspension of misery; she returned again to the knowledge of her bitter misfortunes, and found that she was
laid

laid on a bed in a kind of cave, that seemed to have been hewn out of the rock which hung over her. One of the men offered her some wine, she rejected it with a trembling hand; "Tell me, I conjure you," said she, "am I not in a fearful dream? Can it be possible that you have murdered my father? Is he dead, and am I left miserable and an orphan? Oh tell me, tell me that I dream indeed!"

The wretches laughed aloud; "Why sure, my dear," said one of them, "you have been accustomed to amuse yourself with very pretty fancies, if you take all this to be a dream. Undeceive yourself, 'tis a downright reality; your father we killed to secure ourselves, but you have done us no wrong, therefore you shall live with us and enjoy life."

Adelaide shuddered as she looked on the villain that spoke; "What can you mean? Who are you?" said she, "What wrongs could

could my dearest father do to you? Why was his precious blood spilt to *secure* you?"

"Who we are, is nothing to you; we once spared your father's life, and he rewarded us by enticing our companion from us, and we were to be the sacrifice. Do you think we have not watched his visits to you? Do you suppose we were unacquainted with his thefts from our property to adorn your pretty person? No, no, he has paid for his desertion from our party, and we are rewarded by the company of his mistress."

"What," cried Adelaide, inconceivably surprised, "was the peasant who came to our cottage a companion of your's?"

"Oh, oh," replied he, "what the rascal was ashamed of his friends, was he, or do you *affect* ignorance?"

"No," said she, "I knew not where he came from, but if you have any humanity, let me go to my dear father, dead or alive, let me pay my duty, bathe his wounds with my tears, and if he is dead, let me expire on his bosom, and I will thank you."

"You ask impossibilities," answered one, that had not yet spoken, "all aid to your father is fruitless, necessity and self-preservation demanded his death; but you have nothing to fear, you may live happier with us than confined with an old man."

Adelaide looked up towards heaven, with an eye of inexpressible anguish, imploring its protection, or instant death: grief and despair gave her courage; she wished to provoke their rage; "Cruel men!" cried she passionately, "you have destroyed the worthiest and most unfortunate of mankind: murderers as you are, complete your work, give me death also, for if I live, I will pray for vengeance on you; I will proclaim your cruel deeds to all the world!"

"For *that* you will have *our leave* first," replied one of them, "and when you escape from us, the world may *bear* your cries. Come Lesare," said he to the other, "let us convey this threatening girl to her room, there let her proclaim what she pleases."

They

They laid hold of her, she screamed and struggled, but how unequal was her resistance to the determined will of two robust men; she was carried through an aperture into another cave of larger extent, which had many conveniences of seats, tables, and other necessities.

“ This,” said Lefare, seating her, “ is your saloon; your bed room is still further on; here you may live happy, but you will no more see the sun until you have learnt to be content with your situation.”

He might have talked on, what he said suspended every faculty of life in the unhappy Adelaide; she fixed her eyes wildly upon him, without appearing to look or breathe; her senses were stagnated; they saw her disorder, and threw some vinegar upon her face; the shock and the spirits recovered her from that torpid state: she sighed heavily, and then fell back fainting in her chair.

The

The wretches soon recovered her, to be sensible of her extreme misery; she invoked death; alas! death is not so ready to befriend the wretched—she saw the full extent of her misfortunes, and the apprehension was horrible indeed: she examined the countenance of each man, all were alike terrible and ferocious; Lesare had not indeed imbrued his hands in the blood of her dear father; his voice was not quite so terrible: on him she looked with an imploring eye, that in a face so lovely, might have softened the heart of a savage.

But these men, accustomed to plunder and to kill, were more iron hearted than the wild inhabitants of the woods; they knew no pity, and the passion she inspired was like themselves violent and horrid. That companion they boasted to have sacrificed, had been the only check upon their cruelties; he had preserved more than one life before he met with Dupont; but he was no more, and the unhappy

happy

happy Adelaide saw her miseries were inevitable.

After those men had brought her from the scene that had caused a temporary suspension of life, in which comparatively happy state they had conveyed her to no short distance, they examined her pockets, and took all their contents, as a preventative of mischief to her or themselves. Acquainted with this circumstance by feeling for her handkerchief, it redoubled her apprehensions, and indignation; yet to provoke them would only accelerate the evils she dreaded; she once more therefore appealed to their humanity, and "entreated them to pity an unfortunate orphan, who never did them wrong, and who was now unconnected with a single being that had the power to serve her."

She addressed them in general, but the supplicating eye stole towards Lefare;

"Compose

“Compose yourself,” said he, “submit to the misfortunes you cannot escape from; custom will make this place agreeable to you in time, and you will find us disposed to make you happy.”

Refreshments of various kinds were placed before her, and they withdrew to the outer room.

When Adelaide was left to the reflection of her distresses, how piercing were her griefs! that dear and respectable father, who had struggled with sorrow for her sake, was now cruelly butchered; no one was interested for her; forlorn and hopeless, death only could terminate her woes, and what might she not suffer before that period arrived! the idea was horrible: she then recollected what they had said of the peasant; he had been their companion; that man so polished in his manners, so amiable in his appearance, an associate with villains!

Yet,

Yet, thought she again, he did not betray us; they accuse him of deserting them, that's some little extenuation of his crime; and if, as they seemed to hint, he also has been murdered, how dearly has he paid for his offences, in falling a victim to his humanity.

But what appeared to her very extraordinary, was, that her father should have known these men, and never have mentioned the circumstance to her, to whom he had ever been unreservedly communicative in every event of his life. This circumstance led to a variety of conjectures, none of which proved satisfactory, and ended in the contemplation of the dreadful and inevitable fate that awaited her, from which she saw not a ray of hope that she could escape from.

Feminine and gentle as she was by nature, and years, yet she wanted neither fortitude or virtue to encounter the severest trials that exertion was capable of; but all means of defence were taken from her; prayers and
tears

tears were her only weapons, and little hope could she derive of their efficacy, against the determined ferocity of such villains: she was convinced that violence and resentment would only irritate and stimulate them to insult her, and therefore, however repugnant to her feelings, she concluded, that to suppress her hatred and indignation, and appear desirous of subduing her grief, might at least suspend the horrors of her fate.

She addressed herself in fervent supplication to the Divine Being, from whom alone she hoped redress and preservation; she apostrophised the spirit of her dear murdered father to hover over, and, if possible, guard his unfortunate child from miseries, a thousand times more dreaded than death: *that* she would have met joyfully, but that was denied to her.

Her prayers and confidence in heaven, calmed the tumults in her bosom; religion diffused its soothing charms over her mind,
and

and she prepared for the next interview with an appearance of tranquillity, though her heart palpitated, and sorrow had transfixed its deadly arrows to her very soul.

Near two hours she was permitted to be alone; she knew not the situation of the place she was in; her insensibility, when she was hurried away, effectually prevented her from any knowledge of the road. She saw the apartments were hewn out of the rock, and that she was entirely secluded from the light. She looked round the room, or rather cave; she saw several bundles piled one upon another, and some silver ornaments, by no means correspondent to the rest of the furniture; she had no doubt therefore, but these things were spoils they had taken from some unfortunate travellers.

Whilst she was making this survey, the two men entered the aperture of communication, and appeared not less surprised, than pleased, at her assumed composure. They brought

brought her some excellent soup, and requested she would eat; she made the effort in silence, but two spoonfuls were all she could swallow.

“ I believe,” said the one called Lefare, “ the young woman is more inclined to rest than eat; if so, within is a very good bed, where you may repose yourself.”

“ Aye, aye, go to sleep for a few hours,” added the other, “ and procure an appetite for your supper; the scoundrel who deceived us had that bed, he will have no further use for it now; do you take warning by what has past; be kind and faithful to us, and you shall want for nothing; but if you don’t know your own interest, we shall find *a way to make you comply*;—you understand me.”

He took up a lamp; “ I will shew you the way,” said he, stepping before her to one corner of the cave. Adelaide trembled, hesitated, rose and reseated herself, not knowing what to do.

“ You

"You have nothing to fear," returned he, "we shall leave you to rest, that you may recover from your terrors."

Those words a little reassured her; with unsteady limbs and agitated spirits, she followed him through another opening, so small, that they were obliged to bend almost double to pass in; how painful were the feelings of poor Adelaide? it seemed to her that she was entering a tomb, where she was to be buried alive, and endure the most horrid outrages.

The place was small and gloomy to excess; he sat down the light in a small recess, and the obscurity wearing off in a few minutes, she discovered a bed, and a stool; on the latter she gladly sat down, for her trembling limbs could no longer support her.

"This bed," said the man, "is clean, and though without furniture at present, now that we have a female with us, you will soon

find plenty of stuff here, that you may convert into curtains, if you like."

Lefare entered to them with a bundle; "there you will find clothes of all kinds to preserve you from cold."

Adelaide, who till that moment had been regardless of her appearance, so absorbed had she been in the contemplation of her wretched situation, now looked down upon herself; she was only covered with the night clothes she had thrown over her on first hearing the noise in her father's room, and an old cloak they had fastened about her; she blushed at her disordered dress, and seemed to shrink from their view; regardless of her confusion, they stayed some time adjusting the bed clothes, and again recommending her to rest, they withdrew.

The unfortunate girl, when alone in this small gloomy hole, with the faint glimmering lamp that served only to discover the horror
of

of the cavern, felt an universal shivering creep over her whole frame; she had been accustomed to the solemn stillness of a convent; she had lived in a solitary humble cottage; but there was something so horridly repugnant to her feelings in this cave, and with such company, that she could not reconcile herself to the idea of seeking repose.

For some time she sat as if chained to the stool, when her eyes falling on the bundle beside her, she turned them again on herself, then hastily caught up the parcel to seek for more decent covering; she found a very complete female dress, and gladly arrayed herself in what she thought necessary; but no sooner had the wants of delicacy been supplied, than she began to consider for what purpose she was solicitous to make an appearance, when life had ceased to be valuable, and when every manœuvre of those men impeded all hopes of an escape from their power.

“Gracious heaven!” exclaimed she, clasping her uplifted hands, “have mercy on me, give me instant death, or deliver me from this horrid place ! tears gushed in torrents from her eyes ; the gloom seemed to increase, and the solemn stillness that pervaded through the caverns, except now and then the sudden rushing of the winds, all together threw an icy trembling to her heart, that she could scarce retain her seat. For several moments all her faculties were suspended by terror ; when again recovering a little fortitude, she rose, and taking up the lamp, slowly moved to the bed ; it really looked clean and decent, but could she sleep ? Could she lay down to refresh her exhausted spirits, only to prepare for encountering still greater agitations ? Was this cave calculated to give rest to the wretched ? No, it was impossible ; she shrunk from the bed, and turned to resume her seat, when she discerned another small opening, which she concluded led to a different cave.

She

She drew near to it and held the lamp, but she could discover only a large space enveloped by darkness; she considered for a moment whether she should enter; at length taking courage, "What have I worse to dread," said she, "these caverns are all dark alike; how many there may be of them, indeed I know not, but I will see; I have some hours to myself perhaps, and my situation is desperate."

She crept through the chasm, and entered another spacious cave, but which seemed to have a descent as she walked on. She persevered, however with cautious steps, holding the lamp before her, till at the end she saw a very large opening on the bottom, close to the side of the wall. She advanced, and looking down, beheld several steps, that extended beyond what she could distinctly discern; her heart beat, her spirits were fluttered; shall I, or shall I not descend, thought she, looking fearfully down; perhaps it is a well, and I may be drowned. Well, do I

fear death? Will not a sudden termination of my miseries be desirable? It may lead to some opening under the rock, from whence I may escape; that thought inspired instant courage, and she resolved to explore the place to which these steps led.

She descended with care, and found they went to a great depth; more than once she stopt, trembling and irresolute, when despair recalled her sinking fortitude, and she proceeded, though the steps hewn out of the rock were in many places broken, and the least wrong footing threatened her with imminent danger.

At length she found herself at the bottom; the extent of the place she could not discern, but moving cautiously forward, she stumbled against something; recovering, and holding down the lamp in a stooping posture, to see what impeded her way, she beheld the dead body of a man. Horror and fright made her fall prostrate on the corpse; fortunately she held

held the lamp so low, that it dropped from her hand without turning, or being extinguished. It was some minutes before her senses and recollection returned; and when she tried to disengage herself from the terrible position in which she lay, her whole frame shook with horror.

Recovering the lamp, she ventured to throw a glance on the body, and saw the eyes were fixed on her's; involuntarily she uttered a faint shriek, yet had not the power to move, and presently discovered it was the unfortunate peasant. This gave her a little more courage; she bent forwards again, and thought both the eyes and lips seemed as if making an effort to move; with some trepidation she laid her hand on his bosom, and felt it warm.

“ My God !” she exclaimed, “ he is not dead; ah! what can I do to save him?”

She saw a great quantity of blood near him, which must have issued from some wound ; she ventured to move the body very gently, and observed it came from his side.

Instantly she set down the lamp, tore off some of her own linen, and with incredible courage and strength, bound up the wound ; the blood flowing but very faintly, owing to the stagnation of life and the dampness of the place ; but the poor creature was reduced, to all appearance, past hopes of reviving, though she was convinced some sense yet remained, by the motion of the eye.

She hastened up the craggy steps, got through the aperture into her own dismal cavern ; here she stopt and listened some time, and drawing near to the other opening, was convinced no one was in the next room ; she passed through trembling, and considering what excuse to frame, if she should be discovered.

Wine

Wine and biscuits still remained there; she looked round for some vessel, in which she might take back some of the former. A few glasses stood in a little recess; she filled one, and in the instant that she was about to retire, she heard their voices in the outer room. It was a moment replete with terror, she turned sick with apprehension, and could not proceed one step further. They entered the room, and were struck with inconceivable surprise at seeing her, pale and sinking to the earth, the glass of wine before her, she completely dressed, but with all the marks of fright and weakness, that rendered her incapable of moving or speaking.

One of them uttered a tremendous oath, and asked, "What brought her there?"

With extreme difficulty she faintly replied, "I found myself very ill, and came here to get a little wine."

The state she was in gave a colour to the excuse; "You are ill to be sure," returned he, "and what you say may be true, but I must tell you, that if you came here with any hopes of escaping from us, you are out of your reckoning my pretty dear; you have not dressed yourself for nothing, I believe; but you would do wiser to undress now, and go to bed; take rest and resolve to be content, for *be assured here you are for life.*"

Poor Adelaide, who had been endeavouring to recall her fluttered spirits, was almost struck lifeless at this petrifying assurance: she gasped for breath, again said she was very ill, and presently a shower of tears came seasonably to her relief, and preserved her from fainting.

"The poor girl is ill," said Lefare, "let us lead her into her room; lay down in your clothes for a few hours," added he, "the wine and biscuits shall be placed within your reach; take a little now and then, no one shall

shall disturb you, we will remain in the outside room, you will be better a few hours hence."

"I believe I shall," said she, a little revived by this gentleness; I will drink some wine and water and lay down."

This seemed to please them; she took a half glass of wine; it was of service to her trembling frame; she permitted them to assist her into the other cell, nor made any objection to having the wine placed on the stool by her: they withdrew, Lesare speaking kindly, which she returned with civility.

She remained some time on the bed, until convinced that they had retired from the next cavern; she then rose with a beating heart, and taking some wine, retraced the way down to the unfortunate peasant, not without great apprehension that the time she had lost might have proved fatal to him.

The terrified, yet courageous Adelaide, having placed her lamp, began to wet his lips with the wine; she raised his head, then put a few drops gently into his mouth; soon the eyes faintly moved, then the lips; with difficulty she tenderly dragged the poor insensible against the wall, that he might be a little more erect; she persevered in giving the wine in very small quantities, until she saw both life and motion returning, and that the eyes seemed fixed on her with an expressive stare, denoting both surprise and gratitude; she thought it possible he might understand her, though he was too weak to speak.

“I am a prisoner in these rocks,” said she, “and have every evil to fear; curiosity brought me down here in the faint hope of finding some way to escape; if I have been the means of saving your life, I shall be happy in the idea, whatever becomes of me. I dare not stay long; would to heaven I could leave you any light, but that’s impossible; and whether I shall ever return here is very uncertain;

certain ; should I see you no more, and have only prolonged your misery by this temporary assistance, which has recalled a fleeting life, that must again sink when left to yourself, forgive my want of power to help you, and *pity me.*"

Again the almost lifeless peasant attempted to speak ; the lips only moved, and utterance was denied to them ; he feebly moved one of his hands and *looked* unutterable things ; while she trembling both for him and herself, rose from the earth on which she had kneeled, and placing the wine in a glass close to his hand, though doubtful if it could be of any service to him.

" I must leave you," said she, " if heaven permits I will see you again." She could not say another word, the most painful sensations rose to her mind, and her own fate, which hung in a frightful suspense, afforded but little hope that she could be of any essential service to him.

His

His eyes were rivetted on her, and when she turned to ascend the steps, and threw a glance round on the horrible place she left him in, her heart throbbed with such violence, that by the time she regained the room appropriated for her, she sunk on the bed almost in a state of insensibility.

Nature, wearied and exhausted by the extraordinary efforts she had made in her weak frame of mind and debility of body, exerted its rights to repose, and in the same moment that she dropped on the bed, a gentle slumber stole over her senses and for a time suspended all recollection of her woes. From this temporary relief, which had lasted four or five hours, she was disturbed by the entrance of the ruffians: she started up in extreme terror, hardly sensible of her situation, until they addressed her, and made a kind of an apology in their rude manner, for having broken in upon her rest; "they came to invite her to supper."

Poor

Poor Adelaide had not the smallest appetite; she told them so: "Why," said the one she most disliked, "why, it signifies nothing fretting and grieving, we will give you the best of every thing, and perhaps a short time hence, more liberty and another country; if it's not your own fault you may live like a princess."

"Indeed," answered she faintly, "I cannot eat now, I am far from well, consider what I have suffered, torn from my poor father—O that I could know what is become of him—perhaps he yet lives."

"Do not deceive yourself," said Lesare, "he is certainly dead, and though you may grieve, you cannot recall him to life, and must therefore endeavour to be resigned; however," added he, turning to the other, "we will leave her this night to recover herself, she will know by to-morrow that 'tis her interest to oblige us."

The other appeared reluctant and undetermined; his looks terrified the hapless girl,
and

and she trembled excessively. "Come, come," cried Lefare, "let her rest in quiet, she will have better spirits to-morrow." The other, in no very pleasant tone, "bid her hasten to get well, as they had no time to play the fool, or attend on sick folks."

They withdrew, and left her almost breathless with terror. She heard them loud and riotous in the next cell, nor did she dare to move, or return to the lower cavern, whilst they were so near to her. A trifling circumstance in appearance might have ruined her: she had left the glass with wine behind her; had the man asked for the glass, or taken notice of its being gone, she had no one excuse to make, and all must have been discovered—fortunately it passed unnoticed, and she determined, when they retired to the outside room, to venture in and get another.

It seemed an age to her before they gave over their vociferous mirth, and a dead silence convinced her they had quitted the next cave.

She

She stole softly into it, and secured a glass, but her strength and spirits were so reduced by the occurrences of the day, and her last fright, that she found it impossible for her to venture again below for that night. She recommended herself to the protection of heaven, and threw herself upon the bed; but sleep did not pay her a second visit, and she passed the tedious hours in painful retrospections, and terrible apprehensions of the evils from which she saw not a ray of hope, or a possibility of escaping.

Not the least vestige of light could find its way into her cave; she knew not therefore when the hour of morning came, till Lesare stood before her, and bid her "come to breakfast." She dared not refuse, but tottered into the next apartment, where coffee and toast were placed upon the table. They told her she looked better; she endeavoured to be civil, took a cup of coffee and a bit of toast. They seemed pleased, and again assured her they would make her *very happy*.

According

According to the plan she had laid down to herself, she replied, "It could not be expected that she should be reconciled all at once to the loss of a dear parent, and such a confinement, but a few days, perhaps, would bring her to more composure." This answer pleased them greatly, and they bid her do as she liked, either sit in that room, or lay down again for a few hours; she preferred the latter, and they promised not to disturb her till the dinner hour.

Extremely rejoiced at having this interval of time to herself, she tried to be civil and thankful for their kindness; they were no less attentive to her; Lesare put her bed in order, and then she retired from them. When in the next cell, she thought there seemed to be a kind of dispute between them, and high words, but at length it subsided, and their voices entirely ceased. She remained a considerable time listening, before she ventured down the steps to the lower cavern, and a thousand terrifying ideas made her

her tremble as she proceeded; possibly by this time the man was dead; perchance the others might return and enter the room, then both his fate and her's was inevitable, as they must know where to pursue and find her.

In short, fancy had conjured up such dreadful images, that when she descended from the last stair, she was more dead than alive, and stood a few moments irresolute whether to advance or not, fearing she heard the men behind her. A deep sigh gave an instantaneous change to her mind; she started, went a step or two, and holding out her lamp, beheld the poor Peasant still sitting upright, and as she looked at him, he held up his hand.

Joy at finding him alive was nearly as fatal to her as apprehension; she could not suppress a sudden exclamation; she drew near; "Do you live?" said she, "May I hope you will recover?"

"Yes,"

"Yes," replied he, in a very low tremulous voice; "yes, my good angel, I live by a miracle indeed."

He could not say more just then; she had brought a fresh stock of wine and water; he took some; "Tell me," said he, "how you came here?" She gave him a brief account of what had befallen her father, and her own wretched situation: he lifted his eyes to heaven, "Forgive, forgive," said he faintly, "I am the cause of all, and cannot save you."

His agitations frightened Adelaide—in a few moments he again recovered speech; "My wounds are not dangerous, but I am much bruised in being thrown down here, and so weak from loss of blood, that I cannot move."

"What can I do for you?" asked Adelaide.

"Nothing,"

"Nothing," he replied; "oh that I could save you, you cannot escape, and, O my God! what will become of you!"

The poor terrified girl flung herself on her knees; "I will stay here and die," said she firmly.

He looked steadily at her for a moment; "Have you courage? Can you do a deed of desperation?"

"Doubt me not," answered she eagerly, "I can, I will do any thing, to escape the power of those wretches."

He pointed to his pocket; his emotions were too much for his strength, the words died on his lips; she searched his pocket, and found a large clasped knife.

"Heaven be thanked," said she, "death is in my own power; this will preserve me from worse evils."

"Stop,

“ Stop, stop,” he cried, gasping for breath, “ give death to villains, but save yourself; *that* be your last resource.” By many intervals and pauses, he at length gave her to understand that one of them was generally on the mountain, reconnoitring for passengers, whilst two used to remain in the caves; now only one could be there. In a particular place in the middle cave they kept their fire arms, he said, “ if she could find an opportunity to secure a brace of pistols, and had courage to fire them off, there was little doubt but that she might destroy both villains.”

Adelaide shuddered at the plan; “ I have courage to brave death,” said she, “ or suffer any miseries except those I dread here; but to commit deliberate murder, is what I cannot do—they deserve death—they have murdered my dearest father, but I cannot do a deed so dreadful, in a cool premeditated manner, whatever I might be driven to attempt in a trying moment, to preserve myself.”

“ Well,

"Well, then," said he, groaning, "you must trust in Providence, no human power can deliver you."

"Fear not," replied she, "I feel courage now that I have the means to free myself; perhaps I may gain time, then you will get better; you may yet save me."

He sighed heavily; "I fear not, my life is very doubtful; stiff, weak, incapable of moving, much bruised, and lying on this damp ground, death is only suspended, not overcome."

Adelaide, who saw the extreme difficulty with which he uttered a few words with long pauses; who beheld his weakness, and knew how circumscribed her power was to assist him; touched by his last words, and the conviction that they were but too true, burst into a flood of tears.

"We will die together," said she, "I have no wish for existence; no parent, friend or relation; an outcast from the world; a
stranger

stranger to its customs, and without the means of procuring myself a single meal, What have I to do with life? Why be desirous of prolonging an existence hateful to myself, and in which no one is interested?"

Several deep groans, expressive of anguish and despair, escaped from the poor peasant; he struggled to speak.

"Secure the pistols, bring them to me, heaven may give me strength to preserve you."

She left him a fresh supply of wine, water and biscuit, and hastened back to her miserable apartment. She threw herself on the bed, and remained under the most painful agitations, till one of the men entered, and requested she would come to dinner.

Trembling and fearful she followed him; the table was spread with several delicacies; poor Adelaide felt little inclination to eat,
under

under the impression of her misfortunes, with such company, and in a place so horrid; but afraid of irritating them, she tried to swallow a few mouthfuls, and suppress her feelings. The dinner over, during which time she had marked out the place where she had been told the fire arms were deposited, and resolved to brave the hazard of securing them, if she had an opportunity. The men grew very free; one of them attempted to kiss her; she shrunk from him disgusted and terrified.

“Come, come, my pretty dear,” said he, “don’t be so coy, these airs won’t do here; we are your masters remember.”

“I don’t wish to offend you,” replied the trembling girl, “but I am yet weak and ill, my spirits cannot return all at once.”

“True,” said Lesare, “consider, Jacques, this is a great change to her; we must allow her a day or two to recover.”

“Phoo; recover,” returned the other, “we shall recover her I warrant you; to be plain, my sweet mistress, you are to be our

wife, and if you behave well, you shall have gold, jewels, and every thing you can desire, and in time return to the light, and mingle with the world: but if you are ill-natured and coy, we shall please ourselves in spite of you, and treat you as you deserve."

What Adelaide felt at this insolent avowal, may be more easily conceived than described; a universal shivering seized her, and she threw a look so piteous on Lefare, that, villain as he was, he felt its full force.

"No more of this," said he, "at present; let her get well, and then we will teach her her duty."

"I must retire," cried the terrified girl, "I am very sick and faint."

"You may go," said the hardened villain, "but all this nonsense won't do; get yourself better against night—*that's all*."

With difficulty she returned to her cell, and sinking on the bed, abandoned herself to
all

all the horrors of her fate, from whence she saw no possibility of escaping but by *death*, and for *this* she endeavoured to prepare herself. Alas! the desire of life is not so easily extinguished; even in the moment of despair, in the anguish of pain and wretchedness, that vital principle retains its power, and 'tis with horror we shrink at the view of that last refuge from the miseries of life, "that bourne, from whence no traveller returns."

Under this impression, though hopeless of any relief, any countenance from the world, without a parent, or a home; yet when the unfortunate Adelaide seemed reduced to the last necessity of resigning her life, she found nature was repugnant to the idea, and inexpressible terror accompanied every effort she made to acquire resolution for the deed.

"Gracious heaven!" she exclaimed, "either deliver me from this dreadful situation, or give me courage to deliver myself."

She addressed herself in ardent supplication to the Divine Being, when her prayers were suddenly interrupted by the loud voices of the two men.

She listened, found they were in high dispute, which increased every moment with much violence; when a kind of scuffle ensued; she heard an exclamation, followed by a groan, and immediately the villain who had insulted her, darted into her room.

She sprung from the bed, and flew thro' the opening, scarcely in her senses; he pursued her with horrid oaths; all was dark; she had time to draw her knife as her last hope, when he caught hold of her. Despair and terror gave her instant courage; she struck a random blow with much force; his hold gave way, and he fell with bitter curses. For a moment she stood petrified with horror, then groped her way back to her room, took up the lamp, and trembling with dread and apprehension,

apprehension, returned to the cave where the wretch lay weltering in his blood.

She shuddered and screamed at the dreadful object before her; the idea of having murdered the man, run like a bolt of ice to her heart. "My God!" she cried, "what have I done!" Again she looked at him; he was not dead; he breathed, and his eyes still looked fierce and vengeful. Not all the turpitude of his actions, nor the dangers which had threatened herself, could reconcile her to the self-accusation of murder: she stood for a moment almost senseless with the shock, when instantly recollecting the peasant, she tottered down the broken fragments to seek his advice.

When she came near the bottom, a faint exclamation made her halt, she extended her lamp, and beheld the poor man laying across the last stair. He had heard the scuffle, her screams, and dreading the outrages he supposed she was subjected to, urged by despair,

with incredible pain he had dragged himself from the place he was fixed at, and reached the bottom stair; here his strength failed him, and he lay exhausted, incapable of either speaking or moving, till he beheld her descending; joy at seeing her, and fear lest she should fall over him, urged from him a feeble exclamation, which happily saved her.

She carefully got beside him, and assisting his efforts, raised him once more against the wall; she then hastily related what had past, declaring she should be for ever miserable if the man died. When a little recovered from the violent agitations he had endured, he besought her to be easy; the man deserved a thousand deaths for his many atrocious villainies.

“But,” cried she, “his murder.”

“Murder,” said he, “call it not murder, you wounded him in your own defence, in the dark: Did he not murder your father? Would he not have destroyed you?”

“Most

"Most true," answered she, sighing, "but I shall be for ever unhappy, notwithstanding his crimes." — Then recollecting herself, "I will return, and venture to look what is become of Lefare; I believe the villain has killed him."

"If so," said the peasant, "we have nothing to fear; you will find necessities such as may *possibly* preserve my life."

This possibility made her spring from the ground, though his weakness, and the difficulty with which he spoke, permitted but little hope; yet willing to indulge it, she quickly reascended the steps, where the object of her terror and remorse again met her view; but the eyes were no longer animated, and he had ceased to breathe—the stroke was mortal, which she had blindly directed to his heart.

Shuddering as she past the body, on her return to her cell, she set down the lamp for a few minutes, that she might recover from the horrors of her mind, and gain resolution

to meet fresh terrific objects in the adjoining room. But her imagination was so replete with dreadful ideas, that she trembled at being alone; snatching up the light, she passed through to the other cell, and there beheld Lesare bleeding on the ground, though he had raised himself against the table, and was holding his hand prest to his side.

Surprise and joy were visible in his looks; "You are safe, you are safe!" he repeated, in a tremulous, but in a tone of joy. "Where is Jacques?"

"Dead!" answered she, "shrinking with terror as she spoke.

"Dead! and by you?"

"Yes, I wounded him in the dark; he is no more—and you, you are wounded also."

"But not mortally," said he, "could I staunch the blood, I think the blow is not mortal."

"Charity, humanity," said she, "urges me to save you, but perhaps I may assist a deadly foe."

"No,"

"No," replied he, "this wound I got in your defence; if I live, I will devote my life to serve you; but I expect it not, you have no right to trust me. In that small chest you will find plenty of gold, take it, escape, and leave me to my fate."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Adelaide, "I will perform my duty, and save you if possible."

She presently got linen, bound up the wound, which was in his side, and placing some garments on the floor, assisted him to lay on them, a small distance from the fire; she gave him wine and water.

He then directed her to a chest, where she would find some bottles of admirable balsam for the cure of wounds; with lint and other proper bandages, which they had procured for their own use, if they should at any time have met with resistance, or received any accidental wounds. This was indeed a prize

to Adelaide, she could now carry aid to her poor peasant.

She staid, however, to give Lesare the assistance he required, and then hastened away with a bottle and linen to her other patient, regardless, in that moment, what conjectures Lesare might form on seeing her go off with the things. She turned her lamp from the dead man as she passed, and joyfully descended to give the peasant that balsam, the efficacy of which, Lesare appeared not to doubt.

In that trying hour, Adelaide made humanity supercede the rigid forms of delicacy; she bathed the wound, the shoulders, back and arms of the poor man, who was incapable of helping himself, and then applying linen, steeped in the balsam, she left him with an assurance that she would get warm clothing, to lay under him, and some proper food.

He

He could not but applaud her kindness to Lefare, though he was not without some apprehensions that his situation, more than a change of principles, was the foundation of his apparent attention to her; but he did not mention his suspicions, that he might not destroy the present tranquillity the last hour had given birth to. In the eagerness with which Adelaide had accompanied the two wounded men, she had for a time forgotten the preceeding dreadful occurrence; but when she had done all that was necessary, and found by Lefare's watch that it was midnight, and that they ought to be left to rest; when she retired to her dismal cell and wretched bed, fatigued, faint and spiritless, the recollection returned most forcibly to her mind, with redoubled horror; she threw her eyes round the room; the gloom which the lamp only served to make visible, conjured up a hundred fantastic images, and the every moment conceived shadows were flitting before her, and that she heard the most dismal noises. Some hours she past in this frightful

state, till sleep fell heavily upon her eye-lids, and for a time oblivion threw a veil over all her troubles.

'Tis impossible to conceive a situation more replete with horror, than this unfortunate girl's, not yet seventeen, taken from a peaceful convent, to see the last hour of a darling mother, compelled to partake of the bitter misfortunes of a father.—A little reconciled to solitude and the want of society, then all at once plunged into a frightful abyss of sorrows :—a father murdered, herself in the power of ruffians, the terrors her curiosity had drawn upon her; the evils she hourly dreaded, and at length preserved herself from, by the desperate act of killing a villain, who, however he deserved death, and the wound she had given was to save herself, in a moment that threatened her with inevitable ruin; yet her timid gentle nature shrunk from the recollection, as if she had committed an unpardonable crime.

If

If such were her past and present calamities, what were her future prospects? A forlorn, unprotected female, subject to the power of two men, on whose principles she could have no dependance; or if she left them, and ventured from the mountain, she was unacquainted with the roads, either to her late residence, whither her anxious wishes would carry her, to know the fate of her deeply regretted father; or to any asylum where she might claim assistance; in rambling among the rocks and mountains, she might possibly encounter still greater dangers than those she fled from.

Such were the variety of painful thoughts that afflicted the mind of Adelaide, till Morpheus, in pity, dropped his poppy on her weary eye-lids, and threw her into a gentle slumber.

For some hours she enjoyed uninterrupted rest, and when she walked, found her strength recruited, and her mind less agitated. Fortitude

itude was absolutely essential to support her under her present conflicts; and that she implored heaven to grant her, conscious, that from her Almighty Father alone, she could hope to derive courage to struggle through the misfortunes she was destined to endure.

She rose from her wretched bed, with confidence in the protection of heaven, and a mind of desperate composure to brave the evils she expected. Her first visit was to the cavern below; she dragged a blanket from her bed for his accommodation; with equal surprise and pleasure she beheld him capable of lifting up his head, and extending his hand to her.

“My good angel,” said he, “I am in heaven from the salutary effects of the balsam, which you administered with so much condescension. I have had rest, and do not doubt now, but that I shall recover.”

She

She expressed her satisfaction without reserve, at the desirable change she observed, but quickly cried out, "Oh that I had been with my father, that I could now find him, and pour this balsam into his wounds!"

"Alas!" replied he, "I fear the villains made sure work to save themselves from detection; and were it otherwise, so much time has elapsed, that all human aid must be in vain."

She lifted her eyes to heaven in an agony of grief, her bosom surcharged with sighs, and incapable of giving utterance to the sorrow that oppressed her. He beheld her situation with strong emotions.

"Spare yourself," said he, "remember, that dear parent you lament, is no longer subject to pain or sorrow."

"Oh, no!" cried she, recovering at once by this well-timed observation, "No! adversity and heart piercing grief can wound *him* no more; he is united to my angel mother, and

and both, perhaps, are now the guardian spirits of their friendless, unhappy Adelaide: Dear, blessed forms," added she, lifting up her supplicating hands, "preserve *me* from the pitiless machinations of mankind, let me live good and innocent, or soon be recalled to join you in the realms of bliss!"

This apostrophe greatly affected the peasant.

"Doubt not," said he, "but innocence and goodness like your's, is heaven's peculiar care; exert your reason and fortitude, and I trust you will soon rise superior to the misfortunes that oppress your mind."

"I rejoice indeed," returned she, mournfully, "that I have been the instrument to preserve your life; and if Lesare also recovers, I may in time feel less reproach and horror than I now do, for the rash act of destroying the unhappy wretch above, whose criminal designs would have been equally fatal to me, as to you and Lesare."

"You

"You have no cause for regret on his account," answered the peasant, "he would only have committed fresh crimes; from the atrocity of his disposition I well know, that by the accidental death you have given him, you have not only preserved three lives here, but have saved the lives and property of many others, who, in travelling, would most probably have fallen victims to his unbounded villany."

Adelaide made no reply; a very painful doubt had just taken possession of her mind; he observed her silence, and judging it was grief that impeded her words, he added, "Heaven made you the instrument of its righteous vengeance, let that reflection speak peace to your mind; I bow with gratitude to heaven and you for my preservation; a book that I had accidentally placed in my bosom, warded off the worst directed blow, which he thought compleated his purpose; and being thrown down here, to all human conception, must have ended my existence;
and

and indeed a very few hours would have put a period to my life, had not your admirable courage and goodness recalled my fleeting soul."

Still Adelaide was silent; he had fatigued himself in talking so much, and was silent also. She started from her reverie.

"Let me," said she, "assist you on this blanket, I will then go to Lesare, and after return to you with more refreshments."

Whether it was her looks, or the absence of mind, which was very visible, or the tone of her voice, that affected him, cannot be said, but he seemed to be greatly agitated, when she turned to leave him.

"Ah!" cried he, "when shall I be capable of expressing what I feel, or able to attend you from this horrible abyss?"

"I hope *soon*," she replied, "would to heaven *any one* could remove that terrifying object

object that I am obliged to pass in coming here, it freezes my blood, though I turn my eyes from it."

"*Innocence* has nothing to fear," returned he."

"True," said she, "*innocence* ought not to fear, yet neither is it always safe when exposed to the arts of the wicked."

Agitated by many afflicting ideas, Adelaide ascended the steps, and returned to her cave, nor could she presently recover herself so as to visit Lesare. She was sensible that her hasty retreat from him the preceding night, might occasion various conjectures in his mind; for that she must account as well as she could, resolved not to betray the secret of the other's existence for the present.

On entering the next cave, she found Lesare much better, and impatiently expecting her; she was now obliged to make the fire, and prepare breakfast for herself, as well as to assist him; he told her, in a few days he hoped

hoped to be capable of taking that trouble from her, being convinced that his wound would soon be of no consequence, from the powerful effects of the balsam. But," added he, "I observed you to carry off some of it, with bandages; I hope you were not hurt in your scuffle with Jacques."

"A slight hurt only," answered she, "a meer bruise, which I scarcely feel now." This satisfied him.

She took her breakfast, gave him some, and was again retiring.

"Is not this room more airy for you?" asked he.

"I do indeed want air," said she, "and will therefore walk to the outward cave."

Lefare replied not, but she saw that he looked concerned; of that she took no notice, but went through the aperture, and from thence to a small kind of platform they had made as an entrance from this spot. She enjoyed

enjoyed an extensive prospect of mountains and vallies, the latter in high cultivation, for here nature had been lavish of her bounties, and had joined the sublime and beautiful; terrific rocks, whose tops seemed to reach the clouds, and fertile vallies watered by transparent rivulets lying between them.

Shut out from the light so long, her eyes could not immediately bear the dazzling rays of the glorious luminary, just rising above the eastern mountain; it was first a painful delight to survey the surrounding wonders, but as her sight grew stronger, she looked with eager anxiety to trace the spot from whence she had been torn by the lawless ruffians, from a dying parent.

Alas! ignorant of her present situation, she knew not where to direct her eye: no vestige of any dwelling appeared: no path that seemed made for the convenience of travellers, and every step before her appeared dangerous, and almost impassable. Wretch-
ed

ed Adelaide!" cried she, in the anguish of the moment, what are thy hopes? From whence canst thou derive one cheering ray, that may extricate thee from this horrid situation? buried in the bosom of the mountains, a companion to robbers, escaped from immediate danger by a deed that fixes horror on thy mind, and preserved only, perhaps, to suffer from the premeditated villany of others! Just heaven, added she, lifting up her supplicating hands, tears trembling in her eyes, Just heaven protect an unhappy friendless orphan! Oh that I could find the way to my former dwelling. Alas! without a child to close his eyes; without a friend to commit his clay-cold body to the earth, he lies exposed to fowls and beasts of prey, and a mind good and virtuous as an angel, has been overpowered by his cruel enemies, now to rise no more. *No more*, did I say? Oh, yes, the soul, the pure mind, has e'er now received its bright reward from heavenly justice, and could these hands but cover the lifeless body from sacrilege, my sorrows would
be

be selfish; my dearest parents *are happy*, I only am the heir to misery.

Overcome by a variety of contending emotions and distracting thoughts, she stood leaning against the side of the rock, unheeding of the time she had been there, when the sound of a voice startled her, and turning her head, she beheld Lesare on his hands and knees, at the entrance of the cave.

"How," cried he, "is it possible you could come so far? Yes," returned he, "your long absence terrified me, I was fearful you had met with some accident, and my fears have dragged me here."

"I know not, indeed," said she, "how long I have been engaged by the variety of the prospects, and my own reflections, but you cannot be surprised that I should forget myself, when contemplating objects so new to me. Pray satisfy me in what direction is situated that cottage, where I have passed so many tranquil hours, and which has lately been

been made the grave of my happiness? Ah!" added she, weeping, "what had my dear father done, to deserve death from your barbarous hands?"

"Not from *mine*," answered Lesare, "I killed him not, I thought not of him, you was the prize I fought for."

"How?" returned Adelaide, "*me*; how should you know me?"

"Return," said he, "to the cave, and I will acquaint you with every circumstance."

She followed in silence, reluctant to quit the light, and be secluded with such a companion. With difficulty he crept back, and both being seated, he related to her the encounter they had with her father; the oath exacted from him, and the offer of Lewis, one of their fellows, to accompany him to his dwelling. When Lewis returned, continued he, he dissipated our apprehensions, by assuring us the cottager had spoken truth, and lived in a solitary hut with a daughter, a meer child. I know not how it was, but the manner in
which

which he mentioned this child, and the melancholy that took possession of his features, induced me to believe that he had concealed something from us. I watched him narrowly, and the following morning, contrary to his usual custom, he offered to go out on the scout. I then mentioned my suspicions to Jacques; we traced him unseen to your cottage, and saw both you and your father conversing very friendly. My companion was enraged at him, concluding he had betrayed us; I was no less angry, but I was also charmed with your beauty.

Poor Adelaide felt no pride at this declaration.

Still keeping a watchful eye on him, we saw the bundle of things taken from our stock, and followed him a second time to and from you. We then determined to destroy him; accordingly, under a pretence of going down to a lower cavern to look at it, with a view to deposit our treasure, Jacques stabbed him at the entrance, and we threw

him over the broken steps into that deep hole, where the body could be no inconvenience to us. We then formed the plan of surprising your father, effectually to prevent him from betraying us, and to secure you.

You know we succeeded, though attended with some trouble, to bring you senseless to this place. Jacques was determined to have you that night, in spite of your illness; I was equally resolved to oppose him, for two reasons, one was because I pitied you, and the other, because I was contriving how to deliver you from him, get possession of my share of the riches here concealed, and to marry you in some country, where we could live happy and unobserved. On this we quarrelled; he wanted to break in upon you, I swore he should not, and before I could get within reach of any weapon, he wounded me, and flew to you. This is the whole affair; I saved you, and I love you; when I am well, we will leave this place together, we shall have riches enough; all I expect from you is,

is, a solemn oath to marry me, and never mention the particulars of what has happened here.

Adelaide heard Lesare with equal horror and detestation, and when urged by him to reply to his proposition, she only desired time might be allowed to her for the diminution of her sorrows; "But tell me," added she, "how far is this from our cottage, and which way does it lay?"

"'Tis impossible to tell you," he replied, "we cross a wood, and some craggy hills, known only to ourselves; And why are you so inquisitive? your father is dead, and the little property you left is of no value; I have already said, here is riches enough in these caves, to make you live like a princess by and by."

She saw it was in vain to expect information from him, or any hopes that he would save her, independent of his own gratification; it was pretty evident from his own
I 2 relation,

relation, that his quarrel with Jacques was more owing to the passion he had conceived for her, than his consideration of her honor.

After pausing some time, she asked rather suddenly, "Who was that Lewis? Had he long been a companion of theirs?"

"Did he not give you an account of himself?" demanded Lesare, in return.

"No," she replied, "he seemed unhappy and melancholy, and asked permission to visit us: my father, my dear martyred father kept your secret faithfully; he told me that the man was a peasant, who had directed him home, but never mentioned one word of his companions."

"I know nothing of the fellow," answered Lesare, carelessly, "it matters not who he was, it was his intention to betray us, and therefore he deserved death for his perjury and treachery."

Adelaide said no more, indeed she was extremely agitated; Lesare unexpectedly had
opened

opened his designs upon her; he had crept out of the room with some difficulty, 'twas true; but this balsam, so powerful in its effects, might, in a day or two, render him formidable and dangerous: What then might become of her? Lewis, as he called the wounded peasant, was in a much more doubtful state, because of his bruises; And who was this Lewis? he might be equally false, selfish and wicked: Now she might escape from both; But where could she go? What further dangers might she not precipitate herself into? or she might starve in the mountains. Such were the tormenting ideas that obtruded upon her mind; Lesare heedfully observed her.

“Do not be unhappy,” said he, “you shall have no cause to repent coming here; you shall soon go into the world, and enjoy all its pleasures; every hour I feel myself better.”

This last assertion was a dagger to the heart of Adelaide; yet endeavouring to cover her distress, she faintly said, "She was glad to hear it," and added, "she would retire for a few hours to her bed."

"He desired she would do so, as he should also like to rest, after the exertions he had made, which were yet too much for his strength."

She retired indeed, but not to rest; she was convinced her only chance of escaping from the evils she had to apprehend, was by flight, now when Lesare could not pursue her. Yet, could she leave the poor peasant to perish, after restoring him to life? Was he equally culpable with the others? she could not believe it; his behaviour at the cottage; his melancholy; their suspicions of him, and his tender anxiety for her, so unlike what Lesare expressed, all were circumstances that spoke in his favour.

Yet,

Yet, thought she again, he cannot defend me from this man, who will be well much sooner than him, and I know not what might be my fate between them. In short, the more she reflected, the stronger were the reasons she adduced to run all hazards, rather than remain any longer there.

Wretched was her situation, for she knew not one step over the mountains; she was weak from trouble, and want of rest; she had not had her clothes off since she was brought to the caves, consequently was ill calculated to bear fatigue, or meet the dangers she was likely to encounter. But all those difficulties weighed light in the balance, against the horror of being subjected to the power of Lesare. 'Twas true, when he thought himself in danger, he had advised her to take gold, and escape; but it seemed a momentary pity and generosity, which soon gave place to other sentiments, that tortured her to think of.

After above two hours spent, in forming and rejecting many plans, she took courage to steal softly to the place where the robbers kept their wine, and got three bottles, with biscuits; she had before given Lewis the peasant, a bottle of the balsam, and plenty of old cloth; she resolved to get some more things into her cave that night, convey the whole to him, sufficient, she hoped, to preserve him from want, till his strength returned. Having, at length, fixed on her plan, she grew more composed; the step she meditated was a desperate one, but there was no alternative.

There were still plenty of provisions in the cave, as those robbers had always furnished themselves weekly, and were never without hams, tongues and eggs, to serve on any emergency. She boiled some of the latter for herself and Lefare, behaved with tolerable complacency to him, and affected more tranquillity than she had yet shewn. In short, Lefare seemed quite happy in the alteration, and

and when she left him for the night, he congratulated himself on the ground he had gained over her sorrows.

When Adelaide supposed Lesare was at rest, she went down to the lower cavern; she took all the necessaries she had conveyed away at different periods, down to him, tho' she was obliged to return twice loaded from her cave. He was astonished to see such preparations, and asked what it all meant.

"I am fearful," replied she, in some confusion, "that Lesare may suspect something, from my too frequent visits; and you must be sensible I lose my rest, in coming here at night; therefore do not expect me every day; but inform me how you are, and how long you suppose it may be, before you will be able to emerge from this horrid place?"

"I hope," replied he, "in a few days; I have this morning crawled up two steps; frequent attempts will enable me to succeed."

"Be not to rash," said she, "better stay five days too long, than hazard an injury to yourself, by coming up a day too soon."

"But Lesare," cried he, "I dread his recovery, for I have no faith in his penitence."

"You need not fear him," she replied, "he can only creep on his hands and knees, and in doing that, I think he does too much. I hope the provisions we have will last till you are well: Pray from whence did you get them? What is the name of the nearest town?"

"The nearest is far from hence," returned he, "for Baredge is at least three leagues, over almost impassable mountains, and frightful rocks."

This answer made her shudder; but again she inquired how distant she was from her cottage.

"Not half a league," said he, "if you knew the way through the wood, and round the mountain; but long and dangerous in the common

common road. If heaven restores me, I will accompany you there. Alas! I have no asylum to offer you, and if Lefare lives, that will be no place of safety for you."

"Nor would I live there for worlds," answered she, "after what has happened to my beloved, and ever to be lamented father. If I can obtain admittance into a convent, that is the boundary of my wishes."

He sighed, but made no reply; then again looking on all the necessaries she had brought, and observing the pistols he had mentioned to her, "I rejoice," said he, "that you have possessed yourself of these; I may find a use for them."

Poor Adelaide grew very thoughtful; slight, she conceived, was absolutely essential for the preservation of herself, from the designs of Lefare: but there appeared such traits of good sense, humanity and tenderness in this Lewis, that she found the idea of

seeing him, perhaps for the last time, gave some pangs to her heart.

He observed the increased melancholy that spread over her face; "Ah!" cried he, "what a fate is mine, to see you thus miserable, and to know I cannot serve you; now, indeed, I feel for my errors, and lament my unworthiness, which has deprived me of every friend, that might otherwise have been useful to you."

She heard him with redoubled concern, and turning to the stairs, "It occurs to me," said she, "that I may procure you a lamp; I observed a spare one, and if possible, will get it for you."

She hastily returned to the room; she listened, and found Lesare slept soundly, then stepping softly in, blowing out her own lamp, that if he waked, she might pretend to come there for the purpose of lighting it; she secured the other, and seeing a bit of chalk, a thought

a thought suddenly seized her to take it, and find some way of conveying to Lewis the knowledge of her having quitted the caves. She got back to her own room without being discovered, and then was greatly distressed for something to mark the chalk on. Well may it be said, that necessity is the mother of invention, for after vainly trying to loosen one of the legs of the stool, she threw her eyes on the bundle of clothes Lesare had brought in, where, among other things, was some shoes. One of these she took up, and wrote a few words on the sole of it with the chalk; then taking the lamp and some oil, she went down to Lewis.

"Here," said she, "is a light, which must be very desirable to you; there is oil sufficient to last several days, and I will place your provisions in a dry place." In doing this, she fixed the shoe so that it might be seen by him, though not immediately.

All

All this time he spoke not a word; when she had completed her design, "Now," said she, "my presence will not be requisite here for a day or two."

"How," cried he, "will you forsake me? Have I offended you? But indeed, how dare I expect you should deprive yourself of rest for a wretch like me!"

He spoke this in a tone so moving, that the gentle heart of Adelaide was touched. "I do not," said she, "regret the want of sleep, when I am of service to you; heaven will, I hope, soon restore you to act for yourself; but I have measures to observe, that may oblige me to give up my frequent visits, though I shall feel the same interest in your health and preservation, as if I was constantly with you."

Much agitated, she waited not for a reply, but left him, and ascended to her own cave. Here she could no longer repress her emotions;

emotions; "I have seen this poor unfortunate man then for the last time; I must ever remain in ignorance of his fate, and endure the painful incertitude, whether he escapes from the power of Lesare, or perishes in the cavern. Alas! I think he will not feel less anxiety on my account; but 'tis too plain, from the expressions that escape his lips, that he has been guilty, as well as unfortunate; therefore small is the reliance I could have on his honor, even had he the power to serve me, which, by his own confession, he has not: I have no alternative then, but flight: no hope or dependence, but upon the protection of heaven."

She threw herself down on the bed, and courted sleep, to throw a temporary oblivion over the sorrows that oppressed her; but she passed several hours in the most distressing reflections, before that balmy aid lulled her into a short forgetfulness of her woes; and when she awoke, she knew not the hour, or how long she had slept.

She

She passed into the cave where Lesfère lay, and found him sitting up, leaning his head on his arm.

"Is it late?" said she, "Have you been long awake?"

"An hour or two," he replied, "I am glad you have slept so well."

She made no reply, but prepared breakfast, she hoped for the last time: to her great surprise, he was able to move about, though feebly, and his spirits seemed proportionably raised, as his strength had increased. He told her "she looked very handsome, and that in a few days he should be able to take little walks with her on the mountains, when air and exercise would contribute both to her health and beauty."

Adelaide experienced no gratification from his compliments, or the prospects he held out to her; her thoughts were differently employed,

employed, in considering how she might elude his vigilance, and escape.

After breakfast he crept to the entrance, to enjoy a little fresh air, leaving her employed in setting things in order for his return. She seized this opportunity to open the chest, which he had pointed out as the repository of their treasures; there was a large quantity of gold pieces; she hastily pocketed three handfuls, and had scarcely resumed her employment, before he came back, with some difficulty, for he had exerted himself rather too much.

Trembling from the agitation of her mind, for her narrow escape of being detected, she attracted his notice; he asked, "Was she ill?"

"Not well," said she, "but will also take a mouthful of air presently, which may recover me."

He could make no objection; indeed he appeared to be rather faint, and lay down in his former position.

This moment was a critical one; she went through the aperture to the outer cave, and giving one half drawn sigh to the memory of Lewis, without stopping on the platform, she turned round the side of the rock, from the entrance of the cave, and began to ascend the mountain with incredible resolution and speed, considering the weakness of her frame.

She found the way she had taken extremely rough and dangerous to climb; but her intention was to descend at some distance off, when out of observation from the cave, as she doubted not but Lesare would stretch his powers to the utmost, to reconnoitre the road below the mountain, where it was natural to suppose she would go; and indeed her fixed design was first to find her father's cottage.

She

She scrambled over the dreary and rocky hill, till fatigued and exhausted, she was compelled to rest. Here she looked round, to see if any path-way led to a descent, or if she could observe any distant object, that might lead to the spot she wished to find.

Nothing met her eye but an immense chain of hills, with here and there a valley between them, but to which it seemed impossible to descend. "Ah!" cried she, "what will become of me? Must I retrace my steps back? I see no other way of getting down—fool that I was to climb to this height: yet I will walk on, I may meet with some path-way; to return back is out of the question now. With a beating heart and fearful steps, she continued to proceed on the brow of the mountain.

The prospects were boundless, but her situation engrossed every faculty of her mind; her eye wandered on vacancy, and the different scenes of sublimity and beauty no otherways.

otherways attracted her notice, than to shew her that she was a solitary wanderer, without the hope of meeting any traveller to support or cheer her, and without knowing any one spot on earth, where she might seek a shelter on the approaching night.

Many times she stopped to rest; as often she attempted to descend the hills, but the rocks were so craggy, and the footing so dangerous, that she was obliged to give up the fruitless effort, and pursue her way, hopeless, weary and exhausted. Thus she travelled on at different periods, till the day began to close; the sun had for several hours concealed its glories behind some heavy clouds, that now seemed to roll portentous of an approaching storm.

“ Oh,” cried she, stopping, and looking wildly round on the different views now fading from her sight; “ Oh what will become of the wretched Adelaide! thus alone exposed to the pitiless storm, the darkness of the

the night, and the dangers of the road! she wept, and raised her imploring eyes to heaven. "The supreme judge of the world," said she, "must be good and merciful, he will not desert a friendless orphan; I will once more try to descend from the mountain before 'tis total darkness." With cautious steps, and holding by the fragments that here and there projected down, hanging like ruins, ready to crush all beneath them, and which she dreaded might every moment give way with her; she crept with equal toil and danger a good way down the side of the stupendous hill; when, to her infinite surprise, and a joy that almost proved fatal to her, from the violence of her emotions, she discerned, a little below, a similar platform to the robbers; a small low hut on it, and an old man standing at the entrance.

The horror of her situation suspended all other kind of apprehensions; nor did she at that moment reflect, that this also might be the abode of wicked men. She sent forth
a piercing

a piercing cry, which reached the ears of the person below; he turned and looked up; could just distinguish a female hanging by the projecting fragments, and apparently in imminent danger of tumbling headlong down the dreadful precipice.

His surprise gave way to humanity; he wasted not a moment in conjecture, but hastened to her relief; and knowing the different safe footings, he was presently with her.

"Gracious Father!" he exclaimed, "my child, what has befallen thee? thou art preserved from inevitable destruction; hold by me, and fear not."

He conducted her down safely to his hut, just as the dark clouds over-shadowed the earth, and the boisterous winds, with sudden flashes of lightning, would, in all probability, have deprived the unfortunate Adelaide of

of the power to support herself on the steep declivity of the hill.

Mingled undescribable sensations precluded utterance of one single word, and when seated by the old man, on a little rustic form, cut from the side of the hill, she pressed her hand to her bosom, bowed her head, and burst into a torrent of tears.

Her deliverer was greatly affected; the simple beverage of nature was all he had to offer her besides fruit; she drank some water with thankfulness, and it restored her to speech; but the loud thunder that rolled over her head; the vivid lightning that shot like liquid fire upon the clay raised floor; and the howling of the wind over the mountains, formed a scene so horribly terrific to Adelaide, that the words died on her trembling lips, and she gazed wildly on the objects round her, expecting every moment that the rocks above would bury the cottage, and its inmates, beneath its cumbrous fragments.

The

The man guessed what her apprehensions were, and sought to dispel them; "Fear not," said he, "I have stood the war of elements unhurt; for ages, perhaps, these rocks have been suspended thus, more horrid in appearance, than dangerous in reality."

"Ah!" cried she, "surely there is, there must be, danger that they will at some time fall, and therefore every hour here must hang in a frightful suspense, and dread of certain destruction."

"My good child," replied the old man, "we are under the canopy of heaven; the humble cottage in the mountains, the superb castle in the valley, the wooden worlds that plough the sea, and ride on the foaming billows, the sport of every wind, all are alike protected by a gracious Father, whose goodness and justice never errs. Turn your thoughts, my child, from the raging of the tempest, from the apprehension of evils, and bow in gratitude to heaven, who directed you to this spot, before darkness had laid its man-

tle

tle on the earth, which in one short hour might have proved your destruction."

Poor Adelaide felt the full force of this pious reproof, and was cheered by the observation, for she was the child of Providence, without any earthly protector, and all her hopes rested on the father of the fatherless. She answered the good man in terms of thankful resignation, and though she could not wholly subdue her terrors, she suppressed any audible expressions of them.

He very naturally inquired by what extraordinary accident she was found alone in such a place, so replete with dangers of every kind, that it was next to a miracle she had escaped.

Without recurring to the early misfortunes of her life, she took up her story from the night her father had lost his way, and his return next day with the peasant; she related the subsequent events, and concluded with

observing, that had not the hand of Providence conducted her within view of his lowly dwelling, in all probability she must have perished by the severity of the weather, and the want of refreshment; a want that had never occurred to her when she quitted the robbers cave.

The good man heard her with mingled wonder and compassion; he praised her courage, and pitied her misfortunes; he was no stranger to the banditti that infested the mountains in different parties, though he knew not where they concealed themselves, and rejoiced with her, that in escaping from the cave, she had not fallen in with another party, as pitiless and desperate as those she had already suffered by. "Heaven who guided you here," said he, "will, I have no doubt, protect you, and possibly I may be able to procure you an asylum, if you can be content with a solitary life, and a single companion."

"Ah!"

“ Ah !” replied she, “ to be secure from lawless cruel men, is the extent of my wishes ; I have not a friend on earth who is solicitous for me, and ’tis of little consequence to a poor forlorn orphan, unknown to the world, in what obscure corner she lingers out her wretched life.” Pronouncing these last words, she threw her eyes round the small room, which seemed but ill calculated to admit another inmate.

He observed her, and translated her thoughts ; “ My child,” said he, “ it is not in this small dwelling, that I offer you an asylum ; here I could not accommodate you for any time ; but not far from hence is a castle, where a very unfortunate lady has resided above four years past ; I know not indeed the nature of her misfortunes, but she devotes her life to solitude ; she has but few domestics, no superfluous accommodations, and the very frugal style she lives in, secures her from all fear of insults, from banditti, or plunderers of any kind, as no temptations are

held out to invite avarice or villany to molest her. I am often admitted to her, I think such a companion as you would cheer *her* solitary hours, and perhaps in her *you* may find a mother and a friend."

The prospect of an asylum was truly desirable to Adelaide, yet her heart seemed to feel an unaccountable repugnance to be shut up with this melancholy lady. Her hesitation and downcast looks were observed by the good Hermit.

"I wonder not, my child," continued he, "that you are not over ready to accept of this *probable*, for I do not mention it as a *certain* asylum; a retirement so complete in the bosom of the mountains, is very incompatible with the desires of youth; but my capacity is so limited, I am so entirely unconnected with the world, that this sequestered abode is the extent of my power to serve you, should I be so fortunate as to succeed in the application."

Adelaide

Adelaide blushed, and reproached herself for the apparent indifference with which she had received the Hermit's friendly offer. Had she any expectations from the world, that she should hesitate in being secluded from it for ever? the question caused an instantaneous change in her countenance.

"Pardon me, good father," said she, "if I have appeared less grateful than you have a right to expect for your kindness; my mind is so confused with past events, that I can scarcely judge of my own sentiments; but be assured, if through your interest this lady you speak of, will receive me, I will devote every hour of my life to her service."

The good man was charmed with this reply; he besought her to take some bread and fruit. She asked how long he had lived that solitary life?

"Above thirty years," he replied, "and what will perhaps surprise you, 'tis a life of choice;

choice ; neither misfortunes nor ill treatment induced me to retire from the world. I lost my parents in early youth, and was brought up by a relation, a worthy pious man ; he lived in the country on a small estate ; he took upon him the care of my education ; I was docile, and loved him ; I imbibed all his precepts, I was instructed by his example. We kept no company but the good priest of the village, and all our amusement out of doors consisted in doing good to our neighbours. Thus you see, I was early initiated to retirement and content. At five and twenty I lost this good relation ; he bequeathed to me all he had, sufficient for my moderate desires. I resolved to travel, and on foot, that my mind might be amused, which was heavily oppressed with sorrow for my recent loss.

“ In passing from France to Spain, I determined, on my return from the latter, to spend some time in ranging over this vast chain of mountains ; I did so, not any part of it escaped my notice ; but I was particularly

larly delighted with this spot; its romantic and picturesque views, its entire seclusion from the world, except the castle I have mentioned to you, charmed and attracted me to raise a small hut here for an occasional residence, my design being to fix in the village a few leagues hence. I was told of banditti who were numerous and cruel, but I resolved to have no temptations for them; but when I retired here to appear as a Hermit, I pursued my plan, and for some years this was only a temporary retreat: at length, as age stole upon me, and the little taste I had for society grew every day less by degrees, I fixed myself in this spot entirely.

“ My little income is in the hands of a worthy priest, to be managed by him for the benefit of the community he belongs to. I have resigned all interest in it, and therefore cannot assure to you any pecuniary help, tho’ I will, on your account, contrive to send, and recommend you to him, should I fail in procuring you an asylum in the castle. The

melancholy inhabitant of that castle is the only being I converse with; before she came there, an elderly man and woman resided in it, and from them I received whatever necessities I wanted, beyond what the liberal hand of nature supplies. Since this lady took possession of it, she has often compelled me to accept of luxuries from her gardens, but animal food I have not tasted for many years.

"I am perfectly well acquainted with every part round these mountains, though of late years my rambles have not extended far; and once visited the very Monk you have mentioned, where your father past a night. But your cottage must have been raised since I have given over long walks; I have no doubt but that I could direct, if not guide you to the spot; but in truth, my dear child, I see no good end it could answer to you."

"How!" cried Adelaide, interrupting him, "Would it not be a supreme satisfaction,

tion to me, if I could cover the cold remains of a beloved father; if I could see him safe from birds of prey? at this time it is impossible for those men I have left in the cave to reach so far, therefore now is the opportunity I should seize, to render my last duties to the dear author of my being, and in some degree tranquilize my own mind."

The Hermit could not but applaud her filial piety; "Well, my child," said he, "if the heavens are favourable to us, when to-morrow dawns, I will go to the castle, and procure such assistance as may enable you to execute your pious purpose. I would have you now retire to rest, I will guard your slumbers, and watch for your safety."

"Indeed," said she, "I cannot deprive you of your bed;" for she saw that within the room they sat in, there was a very small cabin, with just sufficient room to contain his bed, and no other accommodation for him, if she took possession of it...

"Say not a word on that head," he replied, "in this room I can sleep, if it suits me, just as easily as on a bed of down. I have long ceased to be fastidious, and were it otherwise, humanity demands from me such self-denial, as I am persuaded is essentially necessary for your health."

He persevered in his offer, until she could no longer resist his kindness, and retiring into the little cabin, recommended herself to heaven, and enjoyed a sweet and uninterrupted sleep for many hours.

On waking, she entered the outer room, and saw ripe and dried fruits, with bread and eggs. "This is your breakfast," said the Hermit, "I have only such simple fare to offer, and happy to see you look thus refreshed. I will lose no time in going to the castle—fear nothing, rest here in perfect security till my return." He then took up a stout staff, and descended the mountain,

seemingly with great ease, from his knowledge of the road.

Adelaide saw him depart with much emotion; the perplexity of her situation, the uncertainty of her being received by this melancholy lady, and the little comfort she could hope to receive in her society, were not the only things that gave her pain. The dreadful catastrophe of her father's death, and the state in which she had left poor Lewis in the cave, claimed a great portion of her concern. From every endearing tie of nature she was cut off for ever, nor did the least hope exist, that she should ever see, or hear of the unfortunate peasant more.

She recollected the money she had taken, and blushed at the action which a momentary impulse had suggested. "This money," said she, "though undoubtedly plundered from others, I can have no right to, nor will I receive benefit from another's property; I will give it to the Hermit, he may dispose of

it, and I must take shame to myself for the inconsiderate theft; for such it truly is."

She passed some hours in painful anxiety for his return; he met her with a cheerful aspect. "Good, and unexpected news," cried he, "let me rest a moment, and you shall know every thing." However great her impatience, she readily reached a stool for his accommodation, and waited in silence till he was disposed to speak.

"Never was an application so well timed and fortunate," said he, "I found the Lady in unusual spirits, and a sort of general bustle in the castle; being immediately introduced to her on my arrival.

"Ah! my good father," cried she, "you prove to me the truth of an observation often disputed,"—"that there is no perfect joy, but that every pleasure has its concomitant pain."—"Before you appeared, I thought my happiness complete; but I must

feel much sorrow in parting from a worthy friend, to whom I am indebted for many pleasant and amusing hours."

"How, Madam," said I, "do you talk of parting? Are you then going to quit the castle?"

"Yes, thank heaven," returned she, "my enemy and persecutor is no more, and I am now at liberty to depart from this horrid solitude."

"You astonish me," I replied, "I always supposed your retirement the effect of choice."

"So I chose it should be believed," said she, "because I was not at liberty to assign my reasons to any one; but I am now free, and shall, in a few days, change this dreary scene for the enchanting beauties of Italy, for 'tis to that country where pleasure reigns free from despotism and female power, that I shall bend my course."

My surprise at sentiments so new, was, I believe, pretty visible.

"My

"My good father," continued she, "I have been a victim to power and artifice, and saw no prospect of my deliverance; from hence arose the melancholy that so long oppressed me: circumstances are changed, and I am no longer the same person: tell me, however, if I can be useful to you, be assured it will add to my satisfaction."

This was the point I wanted to bring her to.

"You can, madam, very essentially serve me," I replied, "and I think derive pleasure to yourself, by the favor you confer on others."

I then told her an amiable young woman, without parents or friends, claimed her protection; I related the circumstances which had thrown you under my humble roof, and represented you what you appear to me, the child of misfortune, but good and virtuous.

I had

I had no call to use any persuasion; she scarce gave me time to finish my simple narrative, before she exclaimed, with great vivacity ;

“ Dear father, such a companion is the very thing I wished for ; let me see her without delay, she shall partake in all my pleasures ; you could not oblige me more, than by this fortunate application.”

She then told me her steward would have orders to obey and supply all my wants, and that she hoped I would consider the castle as much mine as her's. I lost no time, my dear child, in returning with this good news ; two servants will be here in a few hours, to attend you to the lady ; and as I described your situation to be perfectly unfit for travelling, without hat or covering of any sort, they will bring such necessaries for you.

Adelaide heard the good man with mingled emotions of pleasure and pain ; she rejoiced to hear of an asylum, but she blushed
at

at the idea of appearing before a lady, in a situation so humiliating; particular circumstances precluded her from making that unreserved account of herself, which her protectress had a right to expect: she must appear under an assumed name: a degree of mystery must be attached to the little communication she was at liberty to give; and from the prejudices of the world, she had every thing of contempt to fear, if she ventured to declare herself. Even the death of her father could not do away the obligations she was under, to be silent on her own story, for she could neither prove his innocence, nor claim her right to consideration for his unjust persecutions.

Under these perplexing ideas, poor Adelaide appeared much less sensible of the favor procured for her, than the Hermit expected; surpris'd at her silence, and the air of trouble which pervaded her countenance;

“How

"How is this, my child," said he, "does not the protection I have obtained for you, give you pleasure?"

"Pardon me," answered she, tears dropping down her cheeks, "be not displeased that I do not express my gratitude to you; I do not feel it less, but I am so little qualified to appear in the world, that I fear I shall be found very deficient in those requisites to be expected in a companion."

"If such are the ideas that disturb you," returned he, "pray shake them off; at your age, solitude cannot be desirable, and my fear, when I thought of recommending you to this lady, was, that the retirement she lived in, would affect your spirits too much. Young minds like your's, will soon assimilate with the world; you will imperceptibly acquire those requisites you speak of, and I have no doubt of your inclinations or talents to render yourself a pleasing companion."

"Ah! my good father," said she, "you know little of me, I am obliged to your
liberality."

liberality and candour for a judgment so favourable."

"You have given proofs," returned he, "of virtue and fortitude, of filial duty; those virtues, with the modest diffidence you express, of your own abilities, establishes my opinion of your merit."

"Still," said she, "though I am flattered by that kind opinion, I think a monastery would be a more proper asylum for an unfortunate girl, without connexions."

"My good child," said the Hermit, "that may always be a resource for you, should the situation I wish you to accept, prove not satisfactory. An absolute seclusion from the world, ought to be the result of reason, experience, and a disgust to its follies; young minds should be careful not to follow the first impulse which disappointment or misfortune may suggest, lest repentance should tread fast upon their determination, when too late to preserve them from regret and sorrow."

"Yet,"

“ Yet,” returned she, “ from youth you have always led a life of retirement.”

“ Chiefly so,” answered he, “ but you will recollect, that from infancy I was habituated to solitude, to the duties of religion; and when I lost my good uncle, I was like a link broken from a chain, useless and of no value. I travelled through several countries, but unaccustomed to society; I sought not for acquaintance, nor found any one desirous of beginning one with me, for my humble mode of travelling gave me no consequence. Thus my heart was locked up, and solitude was naturally the object of my choice; except the good priest at Baredge, and the people at the castle, I have no communication with mankind. Your situation is, and ought to be, different, in the hands of friendship and benevolence, you may be fostered, and bloom an ornament to the world.”

“ Well,” said Adelaide, with a deep sigh, “ I will not ungratefully refuse this proof of your kindness; but should the prospects now so alluring, darken upon me,
where

where shall I meet with another heart like your's, to save me from wretchedness."

"That Divine conducting hand, that saved you from the lawless ruffians in the cave; which preserved you from destruction on the edge of a precipice, where I found you, *that hand* will guide you to safety and happiness, if you hold fast your integrity and virtue. I will, however, give you the name of my friend the priest; and should you ever want the assistance of a charitable good man, my recommendation to him, or any of the fathers of that monastery, will, I am sure, procure you some such asylum as may ensure your safety."

The tears of gratitude bedewed the cheeks of Adelaide; and she then, with some confusion and hesitation, produced the money she had taken from the cave, acknowledging, that in the moment, she had forgotten the crime.

"The

“The crime,” said he, interrupting her, “the money was without doubt the property of another, but the robbers could have no claim to what they obtained by the most unjustifiable means; and as it cannot be restored to its proper owners, we may allowably, in this instance, be permitted to extract good out of evil, and apply that money to the support of virtue, which was designed for the luxury of guilt. I am no friend to sophistry, or wish to varnish over a real error, but I think you may, without any violence to your feelings, or imputation of a crime, possess this money for your own benefit. The sum is not large, but it will supply you with many necessities requisite for your situation; it will be a sort of independence that must give you a degree of consequence.”

“I submit to your judgment, father,” said she, “but the events which beset me in those caves, will ever be a weight upon my spirits, having, though unwillingly, and in defence of my honor, killed a man, destroyed
a fellow

a fellow creature unfit to die ; the recollection must always lay heavy *here*," putting her hand to her heart ; " and whatever is my fate in life, can never cease to be a source of sorrow. Then the uncertainty I am in, respecting poor Lewis, gives me an infinity of pain ; for though he was an associate with the others, 'tis plain, neither his heart nor principles were thoroughly abandoned ; and the miserable condition in which I found him, was in consequence of his humanity and attention to my poor father."

" All those retrospections are painful, no doubt," replied the Hermit, " but while your conscience is free from premeditated guilt, you must reconcile yourself to events, you could neither foresee nor prevent, and such as I think attach no crime to you."

He had scarcely done speaking, before a man and woman appeared, with proper coverings for Adelaide to walk in. They accosted her with respect, but her limbs trembled when preparing to leave the Hermit.

mit. He gave her a letter before she departed, for the fathers of the monastery at Baredge; he blessed her with fervour, and assured her of his constant prayers. Seeing how greatly she was agitated; "Take courage, my good child;" said he, "fear not, you are the care of heaven, I may possibly see you again before you leave the Pyrenees." She kissed his hand, and followed her conductors in silence.

The distance was not great to the castle; but she had to descend the rugged mountain, and climb another hill, not indeed so difficult, or high as the other, before her eyes fell on the most beautiful valley the bounteous hand of nature ever formed. A transparent rivulet run through in several directions, freshening the blooming verdure, which formed a delightful contrast to the surrounding mountains, and diffused a soft tranquillity over the mind of the astonished traveller, whose eye had been fatigued with viewing only stupendous

dous hills, and contemplating the grand sublime of the Almighty's works."

Adelaide stooped involuntarily; "Ah! how beautiful is that valley!" cried she.

"Yes," said the woman, "it is pretty enough to be sure, when one is not confined to live in it always; but for my part, I would rather dwell in a small village, where one had plenty of neighbours, than live in a palace among hills and vallies, where nobody would think of finding one out. There," continued she, pointing to a large antique building, just then in view, "there is our castle, which I shall leave with a light heart I am sure, and never desire to see the valley again."

"And I," replied Adelaide, "could spend the remainder of my days in such a tranquil spot."

"Oh then you may remain at the castle, I dare say," returned the woman, "if you choose; but though the robbers have taken
all

all your property, I suppose you have a home to go to."

This supposition struck the forlorn Adelaide to her heart; she made no reply; her emotions precluded speech, and the momentary pleasure she had felt in the view before her, gave place to the most poignant reflections. The woman observed her agitations.

"Don't grieve, Miss," said she, "I dare say our Lady will take care and restore you to your friends; But what became of your company when you was robbed on the mountains?"

Adelaide knew not how to reply, or in what manner to evade the curiosity of this loquacious woman. She hesitated a moment, and then said, falteringly, "Excuse me, I cannot speak on this distressing subject."

She then quickened her steps, and soon descended into the admired valley. She now

observed a female at some distance, who appeared to come from the castle.

“ Ah,” cried her conductor, “ there is my Lady, she is coming to meet you.”

Adelaide was seized with a universal trembling; her limbs scarcely supported her; and when she could more clearly distinguish the object, the discovery did not tend to lessen her agitations. A tall elegantly formed woman walked towards them, with a solemn step and a haughty demeanour, that denoted a consciousness of rank, and the protection she was about to grant.

The man and woman took themselves off, and left the terrified girl to advance alone; her emotions were so great, that when they met, she was totally unable to articulate a single word.

“ Do not hurry yourself Miss,” said the Lady, glancing her large black eyes over her
from

from head to foot in a moment; "I am glad to see you, poor child! you have suffered much: well, you are extremely fortunate in falling into such good hands; father Benito has strongly recommended you, and it will be your own fault if we do not live well together."

Poor Adelaide, who had expected a reception governed by tenderness and delicacy, felt something so cold, so repulsive and haughty in the manner, more than in the tenor of those words, that she shrunk back and burst into tears. The Lady seemed moved, she took her hand; "Compose yourself," said she, "in me you will find a *friend*."

That last little word penetrated to the heart of the susceptible girl. "Ah! madam," cried she, pressing her hand, "the study of my life will be to deserve that tender appellation."

The Lady again viewed her with surprise ; she led her into the castle, and seated her in a large room, tolerably furnished, but without any thing superfluous or expensive. Some coffee, cakes and sweetmeats, were instantly brought in, of which Adelaide was invited to partake, with an air of kindness that a little dispelled her trembling apprehensions.

“ You have resided near these mountains, I understand ? ”

“ Yes, Madam, some years. ”

“ Father Joseph tells me your cottage was surprised, your father murdered, and you fled over the hills by night ? ”

“ Yes, Madam, ” replied she, tears dropping on her cheeks at the mention of that dear parent ; “ I fled indeed, and was preserved from impending destruction by the good Hermit. ”

“ Strange, that banditti should attack a cottage, they seldom give themselves trouble but where they are sure of plunder ; I am rather apt to conclude *you* were the object in view :

view: yet your escape from men perfectly acquainted with every hill and valley, is very wonderful, if they were interested to get you into their power."

She fixed her large penetrating eyes on Adelaide, whose confusion did not escape her; for she, unable to support a deception, and feeling, that in what related solely to herself, she ought to have no concealment to her benefactress, blushed exceedingly, and after a little pause, "I should do wrong, Madam, to have any reserves to a Lady who has so kindly received me, and therefore, when my spirits are a little more composed, I shall freely relate what has happened to me."

This promise pleased the Countess, for such she was, and she unbended much from the hauteur that had at first disconcerted her young guest, and now inspired her with some degree of confidence.

After supper she made an unreserved communication of every thing, from her father's meeting with the robbers. When she concluded the detail, she again breathed a wish to visit the cottage, where she was persuaded the body of her father still remained. Whether it was curiosity, or a generous attention to the feelings of Adelaide, we will not pretend to decide, but the Countess assured her that her wishes should be complied with, and that on the following day, she would dispatch two servants in search of the cottage, and if it was within any possible distance for them to walk, or if the body remained there, and could be brought to the castle, it should be interred in her small chapel."

This condescension was the avenue to the heart of Adelaide ; she had touched the cord of her affections ; and to have the dear remains of a beloved parent laid decently in the earth, was a favor of that extent, she could never be sufficiently grateful for.

The

The Countess endeavoured to turn her thoughts from past sorrows, by anticipating future pleasures; she talked of the different tours she should make through Spain and Italy, and her design to fix in one of those countries, and leave *detested France for ever*.

“How, Madam!” exclaimed Adelaide, “do you intend quitting your native country altogether?”

“Yes,” answered she, in an elevated voice, and with sparkling eyes; “Yes, I shall leave a country where services are rewarded with ingratitude, and where power can screen the guilty great, whose crimes are of the highest magnitude; and suffer their too ready instruments to bear the obloquy of guilt, and endure the punishment: I have been the victim of an ungrateful princess, and henceforth I abjure all courts.”

While she was speaking, the colour mounted to her cheeks, her eyes darted fire, her whole person assumed a degree of fury, that

made the timid Adelaide, unacquainted with the stormy passions, shrink with terror. She had never seen a female so altered, so disguised with rage, and trembled at her furious glances.* The Countess recovering from the momentary start of passion, beheld the situation of her young companion.

“ You are surprised at my emotion : there are certain circumstances I can never think of, without almost madness ; but of this no more. In other countries I may find peace and pleasure.”

She then changed the subject, and requested Adelaide to accompany her to her wardrobe, and select a few articles of dress for the present, until they arrived at some town where she might be properly accommodated. Fortunately a suit of black silk, with a very little alteration in length, fitted her tolerably, for the Countess, though tall, was exceeding slender ; and other appendages was soon fitted for her the following day.

At

At night she was conducted to a large room, where an immense high bed, with furniture of blue velvet, much faded; tapestry hangings, with figures large as the life, and the chairs and tables old, and correspondent to the bed, had altogether such a gloomy uncomfortable appearance, that she shuddered when the servant withdrew and shut the door.

A thousand ridiculous stories she had heard in the convent, of haunted castles, and supernatural beings, crossed her mind; and when she endeavoured to shake off the fears of idle superstition, living terrors rose to her view, and equally distressed her. She sat for some time without preparing to undress; she removed one of the time-worn window curtains, which the moths had fretted almost into net-work, and there beheld beauties, that for some minutes suspended both terror and inquietude.

It was the solemn hour of midnight; the mantle of darkness had overspread the earth; behind the towering mountains, a faint ray of light seemed gradually to ascend, and in a short time the moon arose in full majestic splendour, emerging from behind the dark stupendous hills, throwing its bright beams upon those terrific objects, and slowly advancing, brightened all the surface of the valley. The meandering stream reflected its soft and sparkling lustre; all nature seemed at rest, and every stormy passion lulled to peace; so still, so tranquil was the beautiful scene which charmed the eyes of Adelaide, and for a time suspended every painful thought.

When she beheld the glorious Cynthia of the skies, the radiant world whose glittering orbs enlightened other heavens, her heart expanded with wonder and delight; with enthusiastic rapture she addressed the power supreme, who governs all, and having poured out her soul in fervent prayer, her mind grew harmonized, her spirits cheered, and
after

after some minutes of awful contemplation, she closed the curtain and prepared for bed, divested of her terrors, and confident of protection.

A sweet and uninterrupted sleep, such as she had not enjoyed for many nights, restored Adelaide to strength and sober cheerfulness. The servant came to tell her breakfast waited for her; she hastened to the Countess, who exclaimed at her entrance, "Bless me! you look quite a different creature, absolutely beautiful this morning."

She bowed to the compliment, and inquiring after her health, confessed herself indebted to the Countess for the alteration in her appearance; "Your goodness, Madam," said she, "restored a degree of tranquillity to my mind, that procured me some hours sleep; and the analogy between the mind and body, naturally produced the change you so kindly take notice of."

The Countess directed one of her inquiring looks full upon her; "Surely," said she, "your father could not have resided many years in this solitary neighbourhood; your language is superior to the situation you appear to have held."

"My father, Madam," she replied, colouring deeply, "was born and educated as a gentleman, but he experienced a reverse of fortune, and had too much spirit to support the neglect of the prosperous proud, and therefore retired from the world; his chief delight and employment was, in cultivating the little understanding heaven has bestowed on me; but had he lived," said she, weeping, "it was his intention to have placed me in a convent."

"Then he must have property, doubtless: Do you know of any relations or friends that he had? Or by what means did you procure subsistence?"

Adelaide was extremely distress'd by this curiosity; "I know of no relations or friends
Madam,

Madam; our wants were very few; we had eggs, fallads and fruit. A peasant who resided near some small village, generally called once a week, and supplied the trifles we had occasion for."

"I know that peasant" returned the Countess, "he attends at this castle, and fortunately this is the day that he comes here; very possibly from him we may gain information of the state your cottage is in, as I have no doubt but it is in this line of direction."

Adelaide made no reply, she was greatly agitated. The Countess, without appearing to notice it, gave orders, that when the countryman called as usual, he might attend her.

But little conversation of any consequence passed after this; the alteration of some articles in dress for Adelaide, engaged their attention, till a servant announced the arrival of the peasant. She turned giddy and sick with

with apprehension; and when he appeared at the door, her trembling limbs scarcely supported her on the chair.

“ So, friend,” said the Countess, “ you know this young Lady, I suppose ?”

“ No, please your honor Madam. O, God bless me, why sure, why I do believe it is the young miss that lived yonder under the trees.”

“ You are right; Pray have you called at her cottage to day ?”

“ O dear me, yes Madam.”

“ And what, who did you see there ?” exclaimed Adelaide, gasping with terror.

“ Lord, Miss, I am glad to my heart to see you alive—why, I was telling your honor’s servants what a cruel business I had seen.”

“ What! what!” cried she, “ what did you see ?”

“ Why every thing topsy turvey, as I may say; and in several places marks of blood, and not a soul there; so I ——”

“ How ?”

"How?" cried the fainting girl, "Was there no wounded or dead body?"

"Not a soul," answered he, "for I looked all over the place, and as I was a saying—"

Adelaide heard not the saying, she fell senseless on the floor. The poor fellow was greatly terrified.

"God bless her heart, poor young thing, I hope I have made no mischief."

Two servants had restored her for a moment, but she again relapsed, and the Countess ordered her to be carried to her apartment, directing the countryman to wait her return.

Fright and amazement took possession of him, and he began to fear he should be brought into some trouble. In this apprehension he was found by the Countess, and her stately looks did not tend to relieve him.

"Tell

"Tell me," said she, "how long have you known this young woman and her father?"

"A great many years Madam, I can't say how many, but she was a meer chicken when I feed her first."

"What kind of a man was the father?"

"Yes, indeed Madam, he was a very kind man, always so soft and civil, though cruel sorrowful he looked to be sure."

"I mean how old did he appear?"

"About forty, or more, I can't say."

"Did you ever hear where he came from?"

"No, Madam, he was a short time in the village, and then went to that lonely cot, and has lived there a power of years. So as I was saying to your honor's gentlewoman below, when I stopped there this morning, the door was open, I went in, and methought all the things looked cruel tossed about; so I called, and nobody speaking, I walked into t'other room, and there I feed blood upon the floor, in two or three places, but it looked

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ed dryish; so I was afeared at first to go on, but calling again and hearing nobody, I went through the young Miss's room, and into the garden, and not a living or dead soul was there; so I thought to tell all about it below, because I feared they were all killed, and I am quite glad to see her here, and hope the good gentleman is here also."

"No, indeed," said the Countess, "'tis believed he was killed, and the young woman fled from the robbers; but are you certain no dead body lies there?"

"I am certain sure Madam, for I looked every where about the rooms and garden."

"Very well," said she, "you may go below, and wait my orders."

The man retired, not yet divested of fear, that he should be brought into trouble, and heartily wishing he had never called at the cottage.

The Countess visited Adelaide, and found she was restored to her senses.

"Ah!

"Ah! Madam," said she, "I was coming to you; Have you learnt any intelligence to satisfy my anxiety?"

"I am sorry, my love," replied she, "to say, that the man persists in declaring, no traces of any person was to be found in the cottage: why may we not hope your father escaped from thence?"

"Oh! impossible," cried Adelaide, "the wretches scrupled not to assure me they had killed him; and I have no doubt but they have thrown his precious corps into the wood, or down some precipice, where it cannot be discovered,—Inhuman savages!"

Here she fell into such agonies, as quite terrified the Countess, and it was a considerable time before she was restored to any composure. The tenderness and reasoning of the former, at length had some effect; and as doubt and suspense is of all things the most tormenting, when she was convinced the body of her father could not be found, the impossibility of paying her last sad duties, obliged

obliged her to submit with some shew of resignation, to an unavoidable necessity.

The Countess sent two servants off, with the peasant, finding, on inquiry, the distance was much less than she supposed, to those who knew the road over the hills. They had orders to be very minute in their search and observations, and to bring what they could, that appeared to be of any value. During their absence, she devoted herself to sooth and comfort her afflicted guest.

The servants returned in the evening, bringing most of Adelaide's plain and scanty wardrobe; a gold watch, which was found in a drawer, and a snuff box of the same metal.

It appeared very extraordinary that the robbers should have left such valuables; and from the mens account there were books, and many other useful things. In short, there was something very unaccountable to her in the whole affair. No name appeared on the
watch

watch or box, nor did there seem any clue to elucidate the mystery; she could know no more than what Adelaide chose to reveal, and her curiosity rose in proportion to the difficulty of gratifying it.

Adelaide received these valuables of her dear father's, with the deepest sorrow; she wept over them, and prest them to her heart; the Countess, whose turn of mind had lately undergone a great change, was very desirous of consoling her young companion, that the melancholy she had shook off, might not fix on her, and impede their promised pleasures; she therefore exerted all her powers to entertain her; and fortunately the Hermit, who was anxious for his protégée, paid them a visit that evening, and by the arguments he deduced from religion, and reason, contributed much to tranquillise her mind.

The following day, at the request of Adelaide, persons were sent to the cottage, to bring away the books, what furniture was worth

worth removing, and the poultry. The former, and what necessaries he chose, she entreated the Hermit to accept of; and every hope of retracing the remains of her father being extinguished, she felt that gratitude claimed from her an appearance of composure, that she might not affect the spirit of her benefactress.

The Countess was impatient to proceed on her travels; she daily expected the return of a messenger from Paris, with the final conclusion of her business there, that she might enter upon her tour with recovered spirits and new hopes.

There were times when Adelaide felt more of terror and depression, from the consideration of the prospects before her, than the pleasure which a young mind might naturally attach to itself in the idea of going into the world under the protection of a woman of fashion and fortune; nay, she was frequently ready to accuse herself of ingratitude, for not
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feeling that affection the Countess seemed so desirous to obtain, and appeared so well entitled to possess; she therefore concluded the tenderness of her heart was chilled, if not exhausted by the cruel fate of her father. Poor Lewis, indeed, sometimes claimed a sigh of solicitude for the uncertainty how his misfortunes might terminate, and whether her escape had not eventually been the cause of his destruction.

These, and many other tormenting ideas, threw an air of melancholy over the face of Adelaide, which all her endeavours to disguise, could not pass unobserved by the Countess, and confirmed her conjectures that some deep affliction, some latent causes for sorrow, she *chose* not, or *dared* not to explain, lay heavy at her heart.

The expected messenger at length arrived, with his commissions executed, and the Countess had nothing now to impede her journey. The Hermit, who had been very frequent in
his

his visits, and had conceived a warm attachment for Adelaide, who had been accustomed to the society of the Countess for some years, and now saw that he was going to be deprived of what he deemed an indulgence, no ways incompatible with the solitary life he had chosen, could not suppress his regret, nor appear quite so abstracted to his own gratification, as might have been expected.

The evening previous to the day fixed upon for their departure, he came to the castle; the Countess looked animated and joyful; Adelaide had an appearance of anxiety under an assumed cheerfulness. The old man did not attempt to disguise his chagrin.

“ You are then going to launch again into the world;” said he, “ perhaps return here no more. While I believed retirement the object of your choice, I rejoiced in your society; but undeceived as I now am, I ought not to wish you should, at your time
of

of life, be detached from society. Yet, my good friend, your's is a hazardous scheme, again to encounter the deceitful allurements of a false ill-judging world, to give up tranquillity, and the pure pleasures of the country, for the bustle, the fascinating but vicious pleasures that may wreck your peace and destroy your happiness. This young blossom too, whom the rude blasts of adversity have shaken, who is so little capable of guarding."

"My dear father," cried the Countess, gaily interrupting him, "I have all the respect in the world for the goodness of your heart and sanctity of manners; but the time is arrived, that has broken the bonds of my seclusion, and I am once more enabled to enjoy those pleasures which we must be disgusted with from conviction and experience, before we are convinced by the precepts of philosophy. I have had my trials and mortifications, but they are over-balanced by what enjoyments I *have known*, and have yet to *expect*; therefore, my good father, no more on this head; I have taken your "blossom" under

under my protection, and trust, no tempests will have power to blight our mutual happiness."

"Heaven grant it may be so," returned he, "I confess admonition is too often fruitless and impertinent; I have done with observations good will only suggested; my prayers shall be daily for the felicity of both. May I ask whither you have determined to travel?"

"I had intended going directly for Italy," answered she, "but since yesterday I have changed my mind; being so near the confines of Spain, I think to make a tour there, and visit a few of the most celebrated places; then return here previous to my journey into Italy, where it is most probable I shall settle for life."

"Then I may hope to see you once more," cried the Hermit.

"I have no doubt of it," said she, "and I dare say our young friend here will return with a more animated countenance than she now wears. You must confess," added she,

with an air expressive of haughty reproach, "that she does not appear to be very sensible of the pleasures I am preparing for her." "Ah! Madam," cried Adelaide, deeply hurt by her words and manner, "do not think me insensible, or suppose me ungrateful for the attentions you honour me with; I have the most lively sense of your kindness, but the misfortunes I have so recently experienced, throw a gloom over my mind, which communicates to my countenance; but believe me," said she, kissing her hand, "that it shall be my study to look, and act, exactly as you wish me to do; for all the pleasures I can look forward to in life, must derive their source from you."

She wept as she spoke—the Countess seemed affected, and pressing her hand in return, said, "She had no doubt but they should be perfectly happy together."

The Hermit appeared for a few moments lost in thought; when recovering from his reverie,

Reverie, he spoke to Adelaide with the tenderness of a parent; bade her encourage cheerfulness, and a desire of being happy; "If you find it in the great world," said he, "I trust it will be accompanied with innocence and selfapprobation. If on the contrary, when curiosity and expectation are gratified, the world has no allurements for you, I hope you will remember Father Benito, and his friends at Baredge, who will exert themselves to procure you an asylum, such as may ensure you from insult, and a dependance on the world."

Adelaide bowed with an expression, that needed not words to convey her sentiments; and when the hour came for his leaving them, she could not suppress her tears.

"Let me have your prayers and good wishes, father, they must be efficacious; I will endeavour to deserve they shall."

The good man blessed both, and promised to continue his visits to the castle; the steward having orders to be attentive to his wishes.

The next morning they proceeded on their intended journey; the Countess, Adelaide, one woman, and two men servants. Keeping round the foot of the mountains, they reached Baredge, which was situated at the bottom of Mount Tormalet: leaving this little town, famous only for its warm baths, they began to ascend the Pyrenées, a fatiguing, and in some places a dangerous road.

When they had arrived to the pass which separated the two kingdoms, they halted for some time, to view the wonders that met their eyes on both sides. In some places below, uncultivated romantic vales; in others fruitful vallies; the sun shining upon the high mountains above them, covered with snow; and below the lowly dwellings of the goat-herds; their flocks browsing round their
cots,

cots, many of which seemed to hang on frightful precipices, that threatened hourly destruction.

“What a grand sublime country this is,” cried the Countess, “admirably calculated to entertain the speculative traveller, but horrible to the wretch condemned to pass his days in these mountains.”

“I cannot be of that opinion,” said Adelaide, “a mind detached from the pleasures of the world, to whom retirement has no terrors, and who has resources within himself, to provide amusement such as he wishes to enjoy; in contemplation of the stupendous works of his Creator, and in the performance of his religious duties: such a being must here feel the highest gratification, and, I think, could experience none of the horrors you suppose.”

“Upon my word,” returned the Countess, with a look of incredulous contempt, “you are a mighty young Philosopher, and extremely well calculated to have shared

Father Benito's Hermitage, if your practise would illustrate the theory of your abstracted ideas."

"Do not mistake me, Madam," answered Adelaide, in some confusion; "I pretend not to such noble and refined sentiments as must qualify a person to enjoy solitude in a country like this; yet I must think it possible, there are persons so gifted, who would in this wonderful spot feel no regret for the pleasures of the world; but in the converse of the children of nature, such as dwell in these mountains, and in holy meditation, might pass a life of serenity and innocence Kings might envy, for it must be the road to heaven."

"Really child," returned the Countess, coolly, "your friend the Hermit seems to have mistaken the road for you. But no more of this, we are going into the world, and I protest I shall feel extremely happy to quit these sublime, but to me frightful views, that turn me giddy; not a shadow of envy will dwell in my bosom towards the innocent

cent and contented inhabitants of these horrid rocks, whose happiness must arise from their ignorance, and whose insensibility of danger is the only source of their content."

Adelaide replied not, her heart was full; looks, more than words, conveyed very unpleasant sensations to her mind, and made her sigh for lost peace, never, she feared, to return.

They at length crossed those tremendous mountains, that separated the French and Spanish Navarre, and after a fatiguing, tho' a short journey, arrived in safety at Pampe-luna, the capital of Navarre, seated in the Pyrenées. Here the Countess proposed resting for a day or two; and having sent her name to the Governor of the castle, he very politely waited on her, and invited the ladies to the castle. This instance of Spanish politeness, greatly prejudiced her in their favor, and she readily accepted the invitation.

He conducted them to the castle he resided in, and introduced them to his family, which consisted of his lady, one daughter about nineteen, and a son three years older, an officer in the army; but this being a time of profound peace in Spain, he resided with his father.

The Governor, Don Diego De Salverda, was between forty and fifty; a pleasing countenance and a noble air, made him appear some years younger. He relaxed considerably from the Spanish austerity in manners; was a man of gallantry, and a true knight in the service of the ladies.

Donna Maria De Salverda, his lady, was the very reverse of her husband, haughty, imperious, insolent and jealous; her high birth, her consequence in that city, and the concessions she exacted from Don Diego, who was conscious, perhaps, she had reason to complain, had altogether given her that air
of

of authority, which was severely felt by those subjected to her power.

She received the ladies with an air of sullen grandeur, a freezing politeness, that denoted a forced complaisance she could very well have dispensed with.

Few women had more native pride and haughtiness than the Countess, though she could wear the semblance of affability and kindness at times; she shrunk back when Donna Maria saluted her with a stately air; and recovering at once her own self consequence, it was truly ludicrous to see two women saluting each other with all the dignity of Roman Empreses.

Don Diego, who knew his wife's foible, was not sorry to observe she had met with one as tenacious as herself.

Donna Isabella, his daughter, was then introduced; nothing could be more capti-

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vating

vating than the appearance of this young lady ; handsome, engaging, polite and sensible, she made herself an interest in your heart at almost the first glance.

Not so the brother, he was the counterpart of the mother, with the additional consequence he derived to himself, from being an officer.

Adelaide, awed by the grandeur of Donna Maria, like the sensitive plant, shrunk humbly from her touch, and felt her own insignificance when presented by the Countess as an amiable young person under her protection. The lady vouchsafed a cold compliment, but the good natured Isabella advanced to her, and congratulated herself on the pleasure of entertaining such a charming guest.

The heart of Adelaide expanded at once ; here seemed a kindred mind ; she had been unused to receive kindness from a female for many years, and the sweetness of this young lady's

lady's tones, penetrated to her soul. She replied with a spirit and frankness, that delighted Isabella, and in one hour they conceived an affection that was never obliterated in their bosoms to the end of their lives.

Don Felix, the brother of Isabella, abated something of his natural dignity of manners when he addressed Adelaide; he saw she was charming, and his heart acknowledged she was fascinating; the more he examined her, the more interesting she grew, and it was necessary for pride to remind him, "she was a young person under the protection of the Countess," or in other words, as he understood it, a *dependant* upon her.

The evening passed without pleasure to any one, but the two young ladies. Don Diego was struck with the beauty of the humble Adelaide; his son could not defend his heart from her charms. The Countess watched the direction of their eyes with a malignant envy; and the Lady Salverda

conceived a violent dislike to both of her guests.

When they retired for the night, Isabella accompanied her new acquaintance to her apartment; she saw that she was pensive, and apparently not happy, and had too much penetration not to distinguish the cause, in the haughty looks of the Countess.

“ Ah!” said she, taking Adelaide’s hand, with an air of kindness, “ how grieved am I to understand you must leave us so soon; is there no mode of persuasion likely to be successful with the Countess, to induce her to remain some time here?”

“ I know of none,” replied Adelaide, “ she is on a tour of pleasure, and I believe intends visiting all the capital cities in Spain.”

“ Such a tour must be very delightful,” returned the other, “ yet I wish she would defer her intention, and remain some time here; I feel that I should dearly love you.”

“ And

“ And I, Madam,” answered Adelaide, tears dropping on her cheeks, “ I am truly sensible of *your* kindness, my heart is neither cold nor ungrateful, but my destiny is unfortunate, and my wishes must be superceded by the commands of the Countess.”

“ How much you interest me,” said Isabella; “ your destiny unfortunate! your candour charms me; whilst your words grieve me; for I am already persuaded you *deserve* to be happy; but there is no situation that has not its comparative disagreeables in every rank of life, nor any state so unpleasant, but may derive some consolation within itself, when rectitude is the guide of their actions. Merit, such as your’s, must, at one time or other, triumph over the destiny you complain against. I am sure the Countess is a fortunate woman, in possessing such an amiable young friend.”

Adelaide struggled to suppress a sigh, but could not reply; the other seeing the depression of her spirits, redoubled her kindness,
without

without being impertinently inquisitive ; and when they parted for the night, felt a sentiment more lively than compassion, for it was mixed with love and respect.

The unfortunate girl, when left alone, run over past occurrences, and contemplated her present prospects ; they were such as afforded no pleasure ; that air and language of protection the Countess assumed, wounded her deeply ; she was not insensible of her obligations, but she thought a delicate mind would rather wish to lessen her sense of them, than so carelessly present her to the notice of others, as to draw the scornful glance she still felt painful, in remembering the haughty air of Donna Maria, and the presuming one in Don Felix.

Yet, thought she again, I may be wrong, I am a stranger to the world, and the behaviour of women in their rank of life, and perhaps my feelings are unjust : little can I remember of company, but I know the sweet
affability.

affability of my dear mother made her adored by every one, and I am sure it will be impossible I can ever love the Countess, or this Spanish Lady.

It was several hours before she could compose herself to rest, from which she was awakened in the morning, by the opening of her door.

"Have I disturbed you?" asked Isabella.

"I am ashamed to answer you, truly," said the other, "but indeed I did not close my eyes till morning; I will soon be ready, however."

The kind young lady staid to assist her, and said a hundred obliging things to her.

When dressed, she repaired to the Countess, who was also dressing, and whom she attended to the breakfast room, which opened into a spacious and beautiful garden.

Donna

Donna Maria preserved the same dignity of look and demeanour; the Countess supported her own consequence. The gentlemen could not disguise their admiration of Adelaide, and she felt equal pain and confusion, whenever she ventured to raise her eyes, and meet the different glances of the party.

Isabella, who read her thoughts, seized the first opportunity to ask her to walk, she most readily consented; they withdrew to the garden. Don Felix followed them, and in less than ten minutes they were joined by the whole company. After admiring the garden, and paying some compliments to the taste of its owners, the Countess turning to Adelaide, said,

“ ’Tis time we should now prepare for our journey.”

“ How, Madam!” exclaimed Don Diego, “ did you not purpose remaining here two or three days? Has any thing disgusted you here,

here, that you talk of leaving us so suddenly?"

"By no means," replied she, coolly, "but I am impatient to arrive at Estella; I expect letters to meet me there, and the weather being fine, I should be wrong to delay my journey. Your Lady tells me 'tis only twenty-four miles from hence, and that I can easily go through before night."

"Impossible!" cried Don Felix, "you know not the road, 'tis so extremely hilly, that you will travel very slowly, and be compelled to put up at some wretched hovel, where you have every thing disagreeable to expect."

"My son tells you truly, Madam," said Don Diego, "you must not think of proceeding this day."

"Ah, no," cried Isabella, "pray Madam do not, I beseech you to drop the idea."

Donna Maria spoke not a word; her husband's looks reproached her, but she preserved an inflexible silence. Provoked at her indifference, and want of common politeness,

ness, the Countess suddenly changed her mind, and with a malicious smile at the Lady Salverda, "Well, Madam," said she, "I believe I must yield to entreaties so irresistible, and be indebted to your kind hospitality another night."

"You do us honor, Madam," was the frigid reply.

The young people were pleased, and Don Diego exerted all his gallantry to make the hours pass agreeably, in defiance of his lady's frowns. It was settled that the ladies should pursue their journey at a very early hour in the morning; in consequence of which, their servants had orders to attend, and they took leave of the family over night.

Isabella accompanied Adelaide to her room; "We must part, then," said she, "and the warmest esteem I ever felt, and which is almost ridiculous to mention on so short an acquaintance, is likely to end before it has well taken root. You will forget us in
the

the variety of scenes that must engage your attention, and the regret of this parting will be all my own."

"How little do you know me," answered Adelaide, in a tone of sorrow, "kindness like your's, so frankly bestowed, has a claim upon the sensibility of any one; how much more so upon a friendless orphan, without any pretensions to merit the distinction you honor her with; never, never will your goodness be effaced from my memory."

"A friendless orphan!" exclaimed Isabella; "Oh, my sweet friend, would to heaven I had the power to bestow happiness and independence on worth like yours! but you must see," added she, sighing, "that a superior power in this castle carries all before it, and to that power I could not wish you to be subjected. My father is mild and generous, but, even his protection I dare not claim for you; but perhaps the Countess has claims upon you."

"Not

"Not of affinity," answered Adelaide; "nor any but such as I choose to allow of. Without friends, fortune, or a home, she has offered me her protection; while I accept of it, she is intitled to my gratitude; but if she abuses her power, and seeks to enchain my mind by a haughty authority, I must seek an asylum in a Convent, as a more desirable situation."

"I approve highly of your sentiments," returned the other, "they are becoming of a noble spirit. Let us correspond; be perfectly unreserved to me; should a Convent become a necessary retreat, which heaven forbid! 'tis possible I may serve you."

"But wanderers as we shall be," said Adelaide, "'tis impossible I can hear from you."

"That is indeed unfortunate," replied she; then pausing a moment, "I will return instantly," added she, and flew out of the room; she was not wanting five minutes.

"I am now going," said she, "to put your esteem

esteem for me to the test, and if you wish to give me consequence in my own eyes, by the delight of accommodating you, I entreat you to take this purse. There is sufficient to pay for six months pension in any Convent; should the Countess treat you ill; apply boldly to any religious house for protection; six months in advance will procure you admission; you can then write to me, and I will engage to pay your pension, till some favorable event shall restore you to the world."

Adelaide was excessively touched at this proof of uncommon kindness; but she would have declined the money, assuring the generous young lady, that she had a small sum still, which would find her necessaries for some time.

"So much the better," said Isabella, "but you shall not deny me the favor I sue for; 'tis conferring happiness on myself, if I am allowed to be serviceable to you."

In

admirable friend, may the Holy Virgin protect you, and your guardian Saint preserve you from all dangers."

Adelaide embraced her; a flood of tears precluded words, but they were not requisite to speak the feelings of her heart; Isabella translated her looks, and they parted in emphatic silence.

Adelaide returned thanks to heaven for this fortunate occurrence; the acquisition of a friend in her circumstances, was a most desirable blessing; she hailed it as a good omen, and endeavoured to rest with a more tranquillised mind, than she had known for some time. Her sleep was but short; she rose and prepared for her journey; she longed to see the generous Isabella once more, and though she felt humbled by receiving pecuniary obligations, yet she adored the hand that conferred them so disinterestedly, and with so much delicacy.

She

She soon received a summons to attend the Countess, and after taking some chocolate, they pursued their route towards Estella, without seeing any of the family in the castle, but servants.

The Countess did not spare Donna Maria, she ridiculed her person, manners, dress, and above all, that impertinent haughtiness towards a woman of her rank; protested she had more than half a mind to stay and coquet with Don Diego, purposely to plague her.

"But her daughter," said Adelaide, "is a charming young woman."

"Yes, the girl is well enough, but like other young women, mighty vain and conceited."

"What Isabella!" cried Adelaide, "sure she is neither the one nor the other; I admire her most exceedingly."

"Oh, to be sure," answered the other, with a haughty toss of her head, "you are a very complete judge of merit; I admire at
misses

misses, indeed, who know nothing of the world, pretending to judge of merit! but though you are pleased to contradict me so rudely, I must tell you, that my experience in life enables me to judge more just and decidedly than girls scarcely out of the nursery can possibly do."

"I do not pretend, Madam, to doubt your judgment," returned Adelaide, with some spirit; "yet surely every one has a right to think for themselves, and I shall not be easily persuaded to believe Donna Isabella is otherwise than good and amiable."

"I want no persuasions to make me believe," retorted the other, "that girls are very vain and impertinent: but neither of the women at the castle are deserving of notice; the old Don would be polite enough if he dared; as for the young one, he seems to have no character at all."

She had scarcely pronounced those last words, before Don Felix appeared at the carriage window.

"Heavens!" exclaimed she, "what has brought you this way?"

"To attend on you, Madam," replied he, "if you will permit me that honour: I have some friends at Estella, I could not take a better opportunity to see, than when I might have the pleasure of escorting, and perhaps of being serviceable to you, in a city where you are entirely unknown."

"Upon my word," said the Countess, smiling, "this is a piece of refined gallantry I little expected, and do not feel at all inclined to reject: But pray have you the permission of Don Diego your father?"

"I have the honour, Madam, of serving my King; at present he dispenses with my services, and I am accountable to no one else for my actions."

He spoke this in a very lofty tone.

"Pardon me," said the Countess, "I meant simply to ask, were your parents acquainted

quainted with your design, otherwise your absence would give them pain."

"A letter I have left for my father, Madam, will entirely do away any apprehensions on that head."

The Countess dropped the subject, and was not a little gratified by the polite attention of this young officer, who rode by the side of the carriage, and addressed himself entirely to her.

Nothing, indeed, could be more opportune, than this gallantry of Don Felix, for in descending from a craggy hill, the shafts of the carriage broke, the ladies were obliged to get out and take the servants places, who consequently were under the necessity of walking; this impeded their progress, and compelled them to put up at a very wretched hovel, called an Inn, between too frightful hills. The men servants were left to repair the carriage, and had not Don Felix and his

servant attended them, their situation must have been extremely unpleasant.

They had some provisions with them, and therefore endeavoured to reconcile themselves to the miserable room, that afforded a temporary shelter.

"I must confess," said the Countess, "my good friend, that we are greatly indebted to the benevolent genie, that inspired you with a spirit of knight errantry; foreseeing our disastrous accident, and how much we should stand in need of a gallant Knight to protect us; for I believe I should scarcely have had courage to enter this hovel without a protector."

"And you talk of a tour through Spain," exclaimed he, smiling, "my dear Countess, your's is a romantic expedition, and demands a faithful Knight and Squire to guard you. Many similar accidents you are liable to; many such hovels as this will present themselves as places of entertainment; and happy
may

may you think yourselves sometimes, to obtain a worse resting place."

"Horrid!" cried she, "what a picture have you drawn of this charming gallant country!"

"I speak of the accommodations for travellers," said he, "reside in, or near the capital of the kingdom, and your warmest expectations will be realized; there you will find all ranks ready to do justice to your charms. You have already captivated one Knight to follow your train, and must make new slaves wherever you appear."

"Really," said she, with a satisfied air, "I shall be apt to entertain a favourable opinion of myself, since the gallant Don Felix breaks through the natural taciturnity which characterises his nation, and become as eloquent as a Frenchman."

"Ah! Madam," returned he, with a languishing sigh, "your powerful attractions have all the force of enchantment; you can make what transformations you please."

In this style the lady and gentleman entertained themselves for near two hours; Adelaide sat silent and unregarded; her mind was differently occupied; nor had she for a long time attended to their conversation, until awakened from her reverie by the Countess, who exclaimed, in a sort of peevish tone,

“Are you asleep, child?”

“No, Madam, only silent, as I was not called upon to join in the conversation.”

“Upon my word, you are a very spiritless companion, and I have more obligations than one to Don Felix; but pray be more cheerful, you ought to think yourself very happy in your situation, to have an opportunity of travelling, and acquiring some knowledge of the world, which young people, like you, must be very ignorant of.”

“I hope, Madam, I shall never be deficient in my sense of the favours I receive, or wanting in gratitude,” was all the answer Adelaide returned.

She was equally disconcerted by the words of the Countess, and the looks of Don Felix, who fixed his eyes upon her with an expression very inconsistent with all the fine things he had been saying to the Countess.

The servants at length arrived; the carriage was repaired, and they proceeded on their journey. The Countess was in the best spirits imaginable, and condescended to say several kind words to Adelaide, which was very gratifying to her feelings, and called forth suitable returns.

On their arrival at Estella, to which place Don Felix had sent off his servant post, to prepare for their reception. They alighted at a house of a very decent appearance, and were presently waited upon by the governor of the city, who welcomed the young officer and his friends with as much kindness as was consistent with the Spanish gravity, and with offers of service during their residence in Estella.

The

The house they were in was not an inn, for such have wretched accommodations; it was a private house that condescended to receive strangers, where you paid extravagantly, and were waited upon by persons in state.

Don Felix did not take up his residence in the same habitation; he slept at the governor's, but attended the Countess early in the morning, to devote himself to her for the day. The governor was a bachelor about seven and thirty, with all the romantic politeness of the days of chivalry.

Here vanity could not fail of finding an abundance of gratification, and the Countess appeared delighted with the adulation she received.

Adelaide found her advantages in the homage paid to her protectress; she was in a constant flow of spirits and good humour, which was diffused on all around her.

The

The Governor, indeed, did not confine all his devoirs to her; he was too discerning, and too fond of beauty, not to discriminate it, wherever it appeared. Adelaide partook of some extravagant encomiums, which she received with a reserve and modesty, that prepossessed the gentleman more strongly in her favor. Don Felix said little, but his eyes spoke a great deal, and Adelaide was disgusted with the expression.

Their days were spent in running about the city, and its charming environs, and in entertainments of various kinds, given by the two gallant gentlemen. The Countess devoted herself entirely to the young officer; of course the governor was at liberty to attach himself to the younger lady, which he found very much to his taste. Near a week had passed in a variety of amusements. Estella was a very gay and a very genteel city; it gave the Countess a most favorable idea of the Spanish towns, and the disagreeables on the road were all forgotten.

One

One morning the Countess sent for Adelaide before the usual time of her attendance.

“ My dear child,” said she, “ I have something to communicate that will give you the highest pleasure, and, I believe, equal surprise ; know, then, that the governor is enamoured of you ; he has demanded of me your name, birth and family (fortune, I had *before told him*, you had none) if he finds neither incompatible with his honor, he proposes to make you an offer of his hand. What a fortunate circumstance that you should be placed under my protection ! your fortune will be established, your happiness complete ; he is rich, has a charming house ; your conquest is really to be envied. Speak, child, you must have no reserves ; I already assure myself you are of a family that may not disgrace the governor ; you have only to be candid and ensure to yourself a brilliant establishment, which I shall consider as the work of my own hands.”

All

All this speech was uttered with the rapidity of a French woman, but its volubility had not its expected effect on Adelaide; she was astonished and confounded.

“ Bless me,” exclaimed the Countess, “ from whence proceeds this silence? Does joy prevent your acknowledgments? I hope there are no impediments to the good fortune that awaits you.”

“ Indeed, Madam,” answered she, endeavouring to recover herself, “ I am greatly surprised, and no less grieved, that I cannot accept an offer that seems to have your approbation.”

“ How! Not accept of it! What is it you mean? Dare you not abide by the conditions?”

This rude question called forth the native pride and spirit that became Adelaide.

“ Madam, when I *decline* the offer, I am not obliged to make any confessions disagree-
able

able to myself; yet justice compels me to say, my birth is noble, my name has never deservedly incurred any disgrace; but I am bound by the most solemn promises, to discover neither; nor will I, under the existing circumstances, which I have no hope will be done away. I am grateful for the governor's good opinion, but I cannot profit by it."

"Why I am all astonishment," cried the Countess, "I do not comprehend all this mystery—these promises you speak of; Have you not said you were an orphan, and friendless? Who then has the power to hold you to such absurd promises as must deprive you of every hope of an establishment in life?"

"I am, in every sense of the word, an orphan," replied Adelaide, tears trembling in her eyes; "my promises were given to my father, and I hold them so sacred, that no temptation on earth shall induce me to break them. A humble, or a retired life, is all I wish or expect."

"Don't

“Don’t tell me this romantic tale, I know the world better child; if no disgraceful circumstance attended on your name and family, you can’t persuade me a young friendless girl would reject such an offer as must make her rich and independent—but *perhaps* you have a younger lover in view.”

This “perhaps” was uttered with a malicious smile, that irritated Adelaide.

“I have no lover in view, Madam; I seek only peace and obscurity; I have no wish at present, but that of pleasing you; if unhappily I am to be unsuccessful, a Convent is my next preferable choice, before any situation in the world.”

“Well, I don’t understand all this romance; I have no right to force you, but you must give me leave to say, I think you a fool, that’s all. I have no objection to your staying with me certainly, I am only sorry you will not let me provide better for you—

you will please to remember, it is your own fault. And I am to tell the governor you reject his offer, am I?"

"I am grieved, Madam, to have incurred your displeasure; I feel my obligations to that gentleman, but acknowledgment is all the return in my power to bestow."

"I am sorry to have no more influence over you," answered she, coldly, with an inclination of her head, signifying she might withdraw.

She readily obeyed the intimation, but her heart was full, and the moment she quitted the room, she burst into tears. Before she reached her own apartment, she was met by Don Felix.

"Heavens!" exclaimed he, quite off his guard, "Charming Adelaide, what mean these tears? Ah! do not shed those precious drops! tell me what occasions them? Who has offended you? my life, my fortune, are devoted to your service."

"I thank

“ I thank you sir,” returned she, endeavouring to pass him, *neither can* be of any service to me.”

At that moment the Countess appeared, he looked confounded, and Adelaide hastened away.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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